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RECOMPENSE.

A LITTLE bud, the lastling of the year,
Grew on the rose vine at my window sill;
And when the winter wind blew cold and chill,
It shook and trembled as in mortal fear;
And one fierce thorn, as sharp as stinging spite,
Threatened to pierce it ever, day and night.

Poor little waif! It came in winter's gloom—
When winds were cruel in their thoughtless mirth,
And weeping skies bent low above the earth,
And all the air was full of death and doom—
With not a friend, of warmth and sunshine shorn,
Placed 'twixt a cruel wind and piercing thorn.

"O little bud," I said, "God has been kind;
And as in mercy he has dealt with me
So shall my heart and hand reach out to thee
Forsaken, tempest-tossed; and thou shall find
A shelter when the cold winds wildly roar,
And not a spiteful thorn shall hurt thee more."

To-day a rose, the firstling of the year,
Grows on the rose vine at my window sill;
Delicious fragrance does its petals spill,
A constant offering from a heart sincere;
And though it fills with joy all eyes that see,
I feel it keeps its choicest sweets for me.

John P. Sjolander.

BISKRA TO SIDI-OKBA.

MOUNTING our camels we started for Sidi-Okba as the first rays of sunlight burst upon the valley of stately date-palms, the delicate foliage and golden balls of the acacia Arabia. Gleams of light and shadow played upon the crags of the distant Aures, with a crest of snow against the clear blue of an Algerian sky. The swaying motion of our gemmas and the curious forward movement of their graceful heads seemed only another unique experience in this strange land.

Soon we left the village of Biskra proper (for five adobe villages nestle amid the flourishing barley fields, one hundred thousand date-palms and luxuriant vegetable gardens of the oasis and jointly form the town) with its handsome promenade parks, its remnant of Roman wall and several columns, the interesting market place where the products of the country are daily exhibited, the Fort of St. Germain, and the low rambling barracks where rest the guard of this, the last stronghold on the Desert of Sahara.

From Biskra, the northern point, to the picturesque little town to the southern extremity is a curiously formed plan for safety. Mirrors are so arranged as to reflect the passage of every person crossing the Great Desert. From the hostile tribes Biskra could, at any moment, be captured by a sudden uprising, but with the present system of preservation help from Batna, Setif and Constantine could be summoned and obtained by train before the desert could be traversed. Hence, it is safe from an attack from the south.

Before us stretched a sandy plain, the dark mountains in the perspective, with the oasis lying at the feet of their spurs. These occur in the following order: Chetna, Drohi, Sidi-Khelil, Seriana and Garta. We visited the palatial home of the Count of Landon, which rises out of the desert in all the beauty of green grass and bright-hued flowers, with gleaming marble and countless treasures culled from the store-houses of the Old World, and then pursued our journey. Sand, so far as the eye could see, in one unbroken field of gold, with wandering droves of camels eating the stunted, desert grass, or those going to distant points laden and driven by dark picturesque natives with ponderous turbans.

After a hard five hours' ride under a "broiling sun" we discerned the long, low line of palms in the oasis of Sidi-Okba, and as we drew nearer the walls of the town appeared a quaint and



interesting sight, the adobe houses, the flat roofs, the uneven vias. We rode along the highway where the twanging of the tom-toms and the groaning of the tubulums even in the distance proclaimed a funeral. The outer wall was quickly passed and then the neglected looking cemetery, with mounds or heaps of baked dirt oddly formed and decorated with some signs of worship and love. The whole was enclosed by a mud wall, unevenly laid out. The men and women passed wringing their hands, moving their heads, sobbing and chanting dismally. It was a gruesome scene, a pathetic one, and a desolate feeling came o'er me, but it was soon dispelled, for no sooner were the strangers seen than a diminution in the grief was witnessed, as they rushed at us, old men and children, hags with bony hands and shriveled features, pellmell over tombstones, wall and dusty road, a motley and unpleasing sight. With this screaming, growing body-guard, we were escorted to the gardens where we obtained a fine view of the surrounding country. After resting from our noisy entrance into the city, we emerged through the guarded gate with several of the Sheik's attendants, and proceeded to the Royal Garden. The palace of the Sheik is situated in a perfect wilderness of tropical foliage, cacti in flowering abundance and great size reminding one of Capri. The entrance is through a massive gate of quaint design; the whole enclosed by a formidable wall. A repast was spread before us and though the Sheik was on a pilgrimage to a distant province, his brother and sister entertained us. The kous-kous (the national dish) was most delicate, the cacti fruit plucked from plants near by and the dates fresh from branches o'er our heads made us dwell with pity on those only having eaten candied or imported dates. During our meal, and for several hours, we enjoyed the conversation of our entertainers through the medium of our interpreter. Heard many things of interest concerning the manners, customs and religious observances of the various tribes. The Sheik's brother told us that Sidi-Okba was a city of some twenty-five or thirty thousand faithful souls. It is the religious, as Biskra is the political, capital of the Ziban and derives its name from the illustrious warrior, who at the head of a small body of Arab horsemen, went forth at the bidding of the Khalifa Moaonia to conquer Africa in the sixtieth year of the Hegira. What it had taken Rome centuries to effect, Okba accomplished in a brief space. He extended his conquest from Egypt to Tangiers and was finely killed by Koccita, a Berber chief. The Arabs buried their leader in the mosque of that name. It is probably the most ancient Mohammedan building in Africa, dating as it does from the seventh century. His body there reposes where thou-

sands of pilgrims journey to worship and bring offerings. Once a year a great rejoicing takes place and honor is paid the tomb of the saint. Ostrich eggs, silk, skins and other sacred gifts are hung before his resting place with wild, weird music and chanting.

Accompanied by the Sheik's guard, we started for a tour of the city; the entire populace, seemingly, followed us to the market and "street of the shops." Jammed in on all sides by



donkeys, camels, goats, and a shrieking mob, we scarcely escaped suffocation. Veiled women fled into the sanctuary of their homes and peered at us through cracks or from the flat roofs where many of them assembled; dogs of stunted stature and unpleasing color, even goats, looked down upon us in the narrow way. Purchasing several curios, we hastened on and entered a kafe. Around the low, long room were placed little mats and trays, where a goodly number of natives sat cross-limbed, enjoy-

ing the refreshing beverage and telling witty sayings of the pretty dancing girls of Constantine, from whence it seemed they had just returned. They showed considerable interest in us, and appeared amused at our doleful faces over the "Kafe-Arabe," served in many-colored small cups. The clanging of instruments announced the dancing girls, and we were charmed with beautiful figures in vivid colors—orange, red, and royal purple—profusely decorated with wrought silver and glistening coins. Each displayed a different sentiment in the dance; one slow and stately, another coy and childish, a third vivid in life and coquetry, by the lightning flash of her dark eyes electrifying every male heart present. Soon we tore ourselves away, delighted with the youthful dancers and their graceful, swaying motions, and went forth to view the ancient Mosque of Okba. A feeling of reverence fell upon us as we looked upon its time-worn walls, and our eyes rested upon the solemn, gloomy court. Entering the sacred building through a massive doorway, we paused to glance around. It is square, each side thirty-five metres long, with a flat roof supported on rude columns. In the chantry is the shrine of the saint in the ordinary Marabout type. On the east side is a carved wooden door of admirable workmanship, and on one side of the pillar a rude inscription, in early Cufic characters, said to be the oldest Arabic inscription in the world, and grand in its simplicity: "This is the tomb of Okba, son of Nafa. May God have mercy upon him." Okba, with about three hundred of his followers, was massacred by the Berbers at Tehonda, about seven hundred metres from the oasis.

After viewing these points of interest we ascended the rudely-hewn stairway leading to the minaret, from which we enjoyed a panoramic view of the desert, Oumash (another oasis) in the distance, and the mud-baked village below us, with its "myriads of life," compactly fixed and guarded by narrow courts and formidable walls. What a delightfully quaint land! we involuntarily exclaim. The vast expanse of sand, the beautiful foliage (where God's blessing, the oasis, is found), the active life, all tending to charm the visitor from its very difference to our well regulated system of things and narrow codes of life; but, as the golden rays and the hazy aspect of the sky warned us of the fleeting hours, we bade farewell to the venerable priest, so kindly explaining the history and interest of the place, and our royal guard is dismissed and we remount for Biskra, our headquarters, much pleased with our first ride on camels and excursion on the desert.

Calvan Gale Horne.



LOVE'S GUERDON.

A SONNET.

LAST night he stooped and kissed me. And I thought
This is love's guerdon. All my soul was filled
By a diviner joy than that which thrilled
The great Grail-seekers as they wildly sought
The Christ-cup vision. Love's dear hand had brought
My heart's deep yearning. And all passion stilled
By perfect satisfaction fain had willed
That life itself in this one kiss were wrought.

Ah, Love ! if thou shouldst never kiss again
These lips which for thy kiss impatient wait ;
If, virgin all my days, I watch in vain
For thee, as one who stands at heaven's gate ;
I'll barren be, as soil that knows no rain ;
And, though the world were mine, be desolate.

James Poyntz Nelson.





ABRAM J. RYAN.

FATHER RYAN IN HIS POEMS.

THE voice of a poetic genius has not been heard in the South for more than forty years. The Civil War called forth many stirring lyrics, yet it must be confessed that in most cases their authors were inspired by the god of war rather than by the muse of poetry. The restoration of peace and the subsequent restoration of fortune led to a greater leisure for the cultivation of letters, and in the last two decades many have done creditable and praiseworthy work. Though no one since the death of Poe has at all rivaled him in the endowments that go to make a genuine poet, not a few have written short and tender strains that have stirred responsive chords in the hearts of their people. Among these, Father Ryan deserves a prominent place. It is the object of this paper to give an idea of his poetry and through his poetry to show some phases of his life and character.

Abram J. Ryan was a Roman Catholic priest. In early life

his character was such as to suggest that the priesthood was to be his calling. His mother, whom he loved so dearly and whom he mentioned always so tenderly in his poems, stamped upon him the impress of her own Christian character. He was carefully trained and educated by loving parents and devout teachers for the exalted vocation of his life, but no one felt more deeply than himself the responsibility of the sacred trust imposed upon him.

It is an opinion altogether too commonly received that the greatest thing that is necessary for the education of a youth is the annual allowance from the father. Absence from home and loved ones; sacrifices and self-denials; days and nights of unceasing toil; disappointments, discouragements, and heart-aches—these are the price that many a youth pays from year to year and without which the coveted prize refuses to be bought. Young Ryan paid his price in leaving home to seek an education. Recognizing that he and only he could make himself what he was to be, he made use of the opportunities that were given him and prepared himself for his future work.

His later years were but the natural development of his youth. Life to him meant something more than a mere struggle for existence. Other things had more attraction for him than the mad race for wealth could offer; health, peace and happiness; love of home and country; great thoughts, beautiful dreams, and a holy life—all were dearer to him than gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere;
Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore
And live with the great and good of yore.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.

However humble the home may be,
 Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
 The blessings that never were bought or sold,
 And center there, are better than gold.

To him life was a reality—not all sunshine and smiles, not all clouds and tears. His verses everywhere reflect the man; they are the natural outburst of what he thought and felt, the autobiography of his soul. It is to his poems that we go to find the poet. He shall be allowed here to sing his own song and tell his own story. Let us see, then, what his life was :

Do you ask how I live in the valley ;
 I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
 But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
 That fall on the roses in May ;
 And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,
 Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
 I dream all the songs that I sing ;
 And the music floats down the dim valley,
 Till each finds a word for a wing,
 That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
 A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
 That never shall break on the beach ;
 And I have heard songs in the silence
 That never shall float into speech ;
 And I have had dreams in the valley
 Too lofty for language to reach.

Yes ; tears and dreams and prayers. But his tears are not the tears of bitterness nor of remorse nor of despair ; they are the tears of love and sympathy, the tears that instinctively come to great and tender natures when in solitude they meditate upon the awful mysteries of God and the universe. His dreams are not the tempting delusions of opium, nor the wild hallucinations of wine ; they are the quiet workings of a divinely gifted imagination ; his prayers are not the shrieks and groans of a despairing soul for mercy and pardon ; they are the humble petitions of a trusting soul for grace and guidance. Tears, dreams, prayers. It must be noted how often his tender heart is moved, how often the sigh " Ah ! me " escapes his lips, how often his feelings

vent themselves in tears. Ah! will the world never learn that tears are not always unmanly? will it never learn that they are sometimes the index of a great and magnanimous soul? Humanity, with its beauty and its deformity, with its successes and its failures, with its hopes and longings and aspirations, its disappointments and sorrows and despair, furnishes too sublime a spectacle for a truly magnanimous soul who contemplates it not to be stirred—sometimes too deeply stirred for outward tears.

But ah! the tears that are not wept,
 The tears that never outward fall;
 The tears that grief for years has kept
 Within us—they are best of all:
 The tears our eyes shall never know
 Are better than the tears that flow.

He recognizes the realities of life and accepts them as he finds them. Duties there are, even burdens and crosses, but they are not without reward. The struggle against the wrong must go on forever. Life without some effort, without some incentive to action, would be at best a very empty life. "Better a day of strife than a century of sleep." The environments of our existence place upon us certain conditions, and he does best who meets them most cheerfully and performs them most nobly.

Life is a burden; bear it;
 Life is a duty; dare it;
 Life is a thorn-crown; wear it;

But let us not infer that our poet is a pessimist. He does not complain; the world has never mistreated him; his sighs are not the unmanly wails of one who is unable to hold his own in an unequal contest. The world to him is no hideous monster deserving only abuse and contempt. He knows that there is a bright side as well as a dark; that all is not gloom and shadow and grief; that there is sunshine and joy and gladness; that

If from the cradle to the grave
 We reckon all our days and hours
 We sure will find they give and gave
 Much less of thorns and more of flowers;
 That joy is stronger here than grief,
 Fills more of life, far more of years,
 And makes the reign of sorrow brief;
 Gives more of smiles, far less of tears.

Tears, dreams, prayers. If Father Ryan was given to tears he was also given to dreams. We have only to look over the table of contents in his volume of poems to see how much of his time was spent in "memories," "reveries," and "nocturnes." He loved to sit at the piano and let his soul float out with the strains that he improvised, or to wander beside some lonely brook and meditate on nature and on nature's God, or to gaze upon the dying embers and read the pictures that they wrought for him.

How often have I seen pictures
Framed in the firelight's blaze,
Of hearts, of names, and of faces,
And scenes of remembered days!

How often have I found poems
In the crimson of the coals,
And the swaying flames of the firelight
Unrolled such golden scrolls.

His greatest dream is the "Christmas Chant." It is one of his longest poems and one of those through which we see the poet best. Its conception is simple and beautiful and its execution in thought and sentiment is worthy of the conception. For these reasons it shall receive a more extended notice than any other piece. Quotations will be freely made, and (as is the case further on, especially with "Their Story Runneth Thus") the phrases of the author whenever wanted will be used in the prose parts of the narrative without marks of quotation.

Enter now into the spirit of the "Chant." Behold the priest, calm and serene:

They ask me to sing them a Christmas song
That with musical mirth shall ring;
How know I that the world's great throng
Will care for the words I sing?

Let the young and the gay chant the Christmas lay,
Their voices and hearts are glad;
But I—I am old, and my locks are gray,
And they tell me my voice is sad.

Why ask a song? Ah! perchance you believe,
Since my days are so nearly passed,
That the song you'll hear on this Christmas eve
Is the old man's best and last.

But what shall he sing ? What shall an old man sing in a world that he is told has grown giddy, in a world where thoughtless minds and shallow hearts hold empire, where virtue walks ashamed amid the crowd, and thousands living for this earth alone look not above ?

Whatever the fancies this Christmas eve
Are haunting the lonely man,
Whether they gladden, or whether they grieve,
He'll sing them as best he can.

It is night, and the poet, half awake, half in dream, sits gazing into the fire.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room
This long December night,
Watching the fire-flame fill the gloom
With many a picture bright.
Ah ! how the fire can paint !
Its magic skill, how strange !
How every spark
On the canvas dark
Draws figures and forms so quaint !
And how the pictures change !

Ah ! the fire within my grate
Hath more than Raphael's power,
Is more than Raphael's peer ;
It paints for me in a little hour
More than he in a year ;
And the pictures hanging 'round me here
This holy Christmas eve,
No artist's pencil could create—
No painter's art conceive.

Visions of the past come trooping back to the dreamer—the suns, the skies, the very days of childhood ; his mother, his sister, his brother, many others dear to his youth ; Ethel, who seems to wear in her golden hair the smile of the setting sun.

And thus with visions only,
And the fancies they unweave,
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas eve.

Slowly, slowly the solemn night moves on—

Till, in the maze of many a dream,
I'm not myself ; and I almost seem
Like one of the shadows there.

The fire has burned low ; all is one vast darkness ; lo ! the
sound of a mystic bell.

It is a bell—yet not a bell
Whose sounds may reach the ear !
It tolls a knell—yet not a knell
Which earthly sense may hear.
In every soul a bell of dole
Hangs ready to be tolled ;
And from that bell a funeral knell
Is often outward rolled ;
And memory is the sexton gray
Who tolls the dreary knell ;
And nights like this he loves to sway
And swing his mystic bell.
'Twas that I heard and nothing more,
This lonely Christmas eve ;
Then, for the dead I'll meet no more,
At Christmas let me grieve.

Night becomes a star-stoled priest and sings the mournful
notes of the *Miserere* ; then the *De Profundis*, psalm of the
dead and disconsolate.

The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers,
And the sleepless spirits that passed away
Watch over all earth's weepers.
We shall meet again in a brighter land,
Where farewell is never spoken ;
We shall clasp each other hand in hand,
And the clasp shall not be broken ;
We shall meet again, in a bright, calm clime,
Where we'll never know a sadness,
And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas chime,
With rapture and with gladness.

Midnight has passed. How changed is all ; instead of the
mournful dirge the joyous hymn of the Saviour's birth :

Gloria in excelsis !
Sound the thrilling song ;

In excelsis Deo !
Roll the hymn along.
Gloria in excelsis !
Let the heavens ring ;
In excelsis Deo !
Welcome, new-born King.

The dark night passes away and the day dawns upon a world
of joy and gladness.

Lo ! the day is waking
In the east afar ;
Dawn is faintly breaking,
Sunk is every star.

Christmas eve has vanished
With its shadows gray ;
All its griefs are banished
By bright Christmas day.

Little heads so curly,
Knowing Christmas laws,
Peep out very early
For old " Santa Claus."

Little eyes are laughing
O'er their Christmas toys,
Older ones are quaffing
Cups of Christmas joys.

Then the bright Christmas day when hearts are light and
bounding and the world is free from care.

One vast wave of gladness
Sweeps its world-wide way,
Drowning every sadness
On this Christmas day.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Haste around the earth ;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Scatter smiles and mirth.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to one and all !
Merry, merry Christmas,
Enter hut and hall.

FATHER RYAN IN HIS POEMS.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to rich and poor !
Merry, merry Christmas,
Stop at every door.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Fill each heart with joy !
Merry, merry Christmas,
To each girl and boy.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Better gifts than gold ;
Merry, merry Christmas
To the young and old.

Merry, merry Christmas,
May the coming year
Bring as merry a Christmas
And as bright a cheer.

How much of kindness and good will is here ! We can not but love the poet who has himself given so much love. From beginning to end the poem is a beautiful picture of the varying moods which come over the old man as he sits through the winter night giving himself up to his fancy, and the picture is the more beautiful in that the versification is everywhere adapted to the sentiment of the author. The poet feels what he writes ; and just there lies one of the secrets of his art. Only those who feel can make others feel. The poet can not touch his reader with unreal sentiment any more than the orator can move his audience, while he, himself, is cold and indifferent. In reading Father Ryan's dreams and reveries we feel that we are reading true dreams and true reveries. He is given to meditation. His mind continually wanders back into the realm of by-gone days. How he loves to dwell upon the memories of the past !

They come, sad as tears to the eyes that are bright ;
They come, sweet as smiles to the lips that are pale ;
They come, dim as dreams in the depths of the night ;
They come, fair as flowers to the summerless vale.

There is not a heart that is not haunted so,
Though far we may stray from the scenes of the past,
Its memories will follow wherever we go,
And the days that were first sway the days that are last.

Nature in her quiet moods furnishes him food for reflection. Deep forests and running streams awaken his most solemn meditations; and as he meditates his thoughts pass away from the material things of earth "beyond the far star-bounds of night unto the everlasting day."

I walked adown the singing stream,
The lilies slept on either side;
My heart—it could not help but dream
At eve, and after eventide.

Ah! dreams of such a lofty reach
With more than earthly fancies fraught,
That not the strongest wings of speech
Could ever touch their lowest thought.

How long I strolled beside the stream
I do not know, nor may I say;
But when the poet ceased to dream,
The priest went on his knees to pray.

Tears, dreams, prayers. Yes, when the poet ceased to dream the priest went on his knees to pray. Father Ryan was a deeply religious character. His life was devoted to the duties of the priesthood and to works of charity. After the close of the war he occupied several stations in the South, and in 1870 took charge of a church at Mobile. It is said that he was a preacher of power and that he often filled the large cathedral of that city to overflowing. He manifested his generosity by the great interest which he took in various charitable institutions, and frequently took the lecture platform in their behalf. He was known also as an editor and a contributor to papers and magazines, and at the time of his death he had in preparation a prose work on the "Life of Christ."

The priest in the man always predominated. His poetry everywhere breathes with a simple religious trust. The symbols and ceremonies of his faith were to him endowed with a special meaning and many of his poems were inspired by his sacred environments. One was addressed to his beads; they knew the history of his heart; he had told them his every grief for twenty years; other friends had failed, but they had been true in the time of need; he had trusted them with the story of his inner life and they had kept his secrets well. The life of the priest was a holy one, but he recognized that all life here is incomplete. The yearnings of the soul can not be realized on this earth. We can not solve the mysteries of the infinite. All knowledge is but

the beginning of knowledge. We know each other by name, he felt, but our souls must stand alone ; no spirit can reach another.

We never know each other here,
No soul can here another see—
To know, we need a light as clear
As that which fills eternity.

But God has not left us without his light ; he has revealed himself through his works. Every stream and flower and tree and bird and mountain and star is a voice speaking for its Creator. Nature is everywhere one grand chorus swelling the glory of his holy name. How strange that any should fail to hear the voice !

Nature is but the outward vestibule
Which God has placed before an unseen shrine ;
The Visible is but a fair, bright vale
That winds around the great Invisible.
The tiniest grain of sand on ocean's shore
Entemples Him ; the fragrance of the rose
Folds Him around as blessed incense folds
The altars of his Christ : Yet some will walk
Along the temple's wondrous vestibule
And look on and admire—yet enter not.
In song of birds, in rustle of the flowers,
In swaying of the trees, and on the seas
The blue lips of the wavelets tell the ships
That come and go, his holy, holy name.
And some have ears and yet they will not hear
The soundless voice re-echoed everywhere.

So wrote the poet in "The Seen and the Unseen." No wonder that he was given to solemn reflections when he was alone with nature ; it was then that he felt himself in the presence of his God. Again he expressed the same feeling in his poem entitled "God in the Night":

The shadows tremble in adoring awe ;
They feel his presence and they know his face.
The shadows, too, are grateful—could they pray,
How they would flower all his way with prayers !
The sleeping trees wake up from all their dreams—
Were their leaves lips, ah ! me, how they would sing
A grand Magnificat as his Mary sang.

The lowly grasses and the fair-faced flowers
 Watch their Creator as he passes on,
 And mourn they have no hearts to love their God,
 And sigh they have no souls to be beloved.
 Man—only man—the image of his God—
 Lets God pass by when he walks forth at night.

With Father Ryan religion was a reality, an actuating power; it was the standard by which from the first he regulated his life. He felt the priesthood to be his calling and when the voice of conscience was clear he hesitated not to obey. In this connection a story deserves to be told—a story of sacrifice, resembling in its simplicity and beauty the story of "Evangeline." The priest has told it himself and it shall be given in nearly his own words. It is the only story that he has told and we can not but believe that it came near his own heart. It is a tale of two lovers and "Their Story Runneth Thus":

Two lovers had been betrothed from childhood. One night in May under the gaze of the stars Merlin clasped the hand of Ethel,

A fair, sweet girl, with great, brown, wond'ring eyes,
 and spoke the last farewell; they were to meet no more:

Our love must soar aloft to spheres divine;
 The human satisfies nor you nor me;
 You sigh for something higher as do I,
 So let our spirits be espoused in God.
 Your heart was born with veil of virgin on;
 I hear it rustle every time we meet,
 In all your words and smiles. And, Ethel, list:
 My heart was born with priestly vestments on,
 And at dream-altars I have oft-times stood.
 Thou would'st not take the vestments from my heart
 No more than I would tear the veil from thine.
 My vested and thy veiled heart part to-night
 To climb our Calvary and to meet in God—
 And this, fair Ethel, is Gethsemane.

And Ethel sweetly said:

Your words are echoes of my own soul's thoughts;
 Let God's own heart be our own holy home,
 And let us live as only angels live;
 And let us love as our own angels love.
 'Tis hard to part—but it is better so.

Long years had passed. One autumn afternoon, when flowers were in the agony of death, Merlin walked among the simple stones that near a solitary convent marked the graves of sleeping virgins. Reverentially and prayerfully he passed from grave to grave and read the names. In a secluded spot he found a rose-clad slab, and, with a quickened heart,

he lifted then the leaves
That hid the name, and lo! amazed he read
The very word—the very, very name
He gave the girl in golden days before—
“Ullainee.”

He sat beside that lonely grave for long,
He took its grasses in his trembling hand,
He toyed with them and wet them with his tears ;
He read the name again and still again,
He thought a thousand thoughts, and then he thought
It all might be a dream—then rubbed his eyes
And read the name again to be more sure.

The bell of the convent rang ; he arose and answering to its call sought the Mother within.

He told her Ethel's story from the first,
He told her of the day amid the flowers,
When they were only six sweet summers old ;
He told her of the night when all the flowers,
A-listing, heard the words of sacrifice—
He told her all.

She knew the story well. Many years had passed since a fair young girl had asked admittance at her convent gate.

I can not tell you all. It is enough
To see one ray of light for us to judge
The glory of the sun ; it is enough
To catch one glimpse of heaven's blue
For us to know the beauty of the sky.
It is enough to tell a little part
Of her most holy life, that you may know
The hidden grace and splendor of the whole.

The Mother then repeated the story she had heard from Ethel's lips. That finished, she went on to tell how that in her novitiate much sickness fell upon the girl ; that never a murmur escaped her during her awful agonies ; to tell with what beauty

and consecration she had passed her life among the Sisters ; with what love she was beloved by all.

In every May for two whole days she kept
Her cell. We humored her in that ; but when
The days had passed, and she came forth again,
Her face was tender as a lily's leaf.

And then that last sad sickness.

She seem to float away
To far-gone days, and live again in scenes
Whose hours were bright and happy. In her sleep
She oftentimes spoke low, gentle, holy words
About her mother ; and sometimes she sang
The fragments of sweet, olden songs—and when
She woke again, she timidly would ask
If she had spoken in her sleep, and what
She said, as if, indeed, her heart did fear
That sleep might open there some long-closed gate
She would keep locked.

The last evening had come ; the Mother sat beside the couch
of the dying nun and held her fair frail hand.

Her great, brown, wond'ring eyes had sunk away
Deep in their sockets—and their light shone dim
As tapers dying on an altar. Soft
As a dream of beauty on me fell low,
Last words : “ Mother ! the tide is ebbing fast ;
But ere it leaves this shore to cross the deep
And seek another, calmer, I would say
A few last words, and, Mother, I would ask
One favor more. This earthly part which stays
You'll lay away within a simple grave—
But, Mother, on its slab thou'lt grave this name,
‘ Ullainee,’

Nor ask me why—tho' if thou wilt I'll tell ;
It is my soul-name, given long ago
By one who found it in some Eastern book
Or dreamt it in a dream and gave it me,
Nor ever told the meaning of the name ;
And, Mother, should he ever come and read
That name upon my grave, and come to thee
And ask thee tidings of Ullainee,

Thou'lt tell him all * * * and tell him this ;
' I tasted all the sweets of sacrifice,
I kissed my cross a thousand times a day,
I hung and bled upon it in my dreams,
I lived on it—I loved it to the last.' And then
A low, soft sigh crept thro' the virgin's cell—
I looked upon her face, and death was there.

Drawing the curtain over this closing scene let us pass to another part of our subject.

Father Ryan is perhaps best known as the "poet-priest of the South." He was an ardent Southerner and when the conflict came he gave his whole time and soul to the cause of patriotism. He entered the army with his brother and served as chaplain throughout the war. The downfall of his flag and the surrender of its hopes did not shake his faith in the justice of its cause ; long after the sword had been laid aside he continued to wield his pen in defense of the honor of his people. His heart was wrung to see the affliction of those whom he loved so dearly and who had fought so nobly in defense of their homes and their institutions. He felt that above all the good name and integrity of his people must be upheld. "He wins the most who honor saves—success is not the test." The number of the poems in his published volume which relate to the war and the "lost cause" is small, but these poems are among his strongest and are the ones by which he is chiefly known.

Lee was the poet's typical hero ; to his name he paid the highest tribute that he could command. His praises are fully sung in the closing stanzas of the "Sentinel Songs"—sung in terms that only the greatest admirer or strongest partisan could employ. This chieftain stands for the embodiment of what was best and greatest in the cause ; when he fell all fell ; his name shall be the first on honor's roll ; the world shall yet decide that he was right. Again, no sword ever flashed brighter from its scabbard than "The Sword of Robert Lee" :

Out of its scabbard ! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee !

Forth from its scabbard ! How we prayed
That sword might victor be ;

And when our triumph was delayed,
 And many a heart grew sore afraid,
 We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
 Bright flashed the sword of Lee ;
 'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
 It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
 Defeated, yet without a stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.

Yes, the sword of the great general was defeated and the banner of the South went down. Father Ryan, pondering one evening at Knoxville over this sad defeat, gave utterance to his feelings in that poem which has become the requiem of the "lost cause"—"The Conquered Banner." How tenderly he sings the dirge of that flag, now drooping and tattered, which once thousands of hearts hailed so gladly. "The Prayer of the South" everywhere breathes with resignation to the will of the Father and with forgiveness to foes. Two of his poems were written in memory of his brother, David J. Ryan, who fell on the field at Gettysburg. Observe the melody of the second couplet in the following stanza :

Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping
 In thy lonely battle grave ;
 Shadows o'er the past are creeping,
 Death, the reaper, still is reaping,
 Years have swept and years are sweeping
 Many a memory from my keeping,
 But I'm waiting still, and weeping
 For my beautiful and brave.

Beautiful and brave he went out with his mother's benediction, beautifully and bravely he fell "where the bravest love to fall." Again he speaks of his brother :

Firm as the firmest where duty led,
 He hurried without a falter ;
 Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
 And the day was won—but the field was red—
 And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
 On his country's hallowed altar.

What might otherwise have been a poem of some beauty in "C.

S. A." is marred by the peculiar rhyme there employed. When the yellow fever epidemic of 1878 was raging in the South and

The Northland, strong in love, and great,
Forgot the stormy days of strife,

the poet was touched as he had never been since the war, and he assumed a softer strain in "Reunited."

These are the strongest and best known of his sectional and war poems. They are full of fire and spirit, and show that their author was no recluse from the world but that he took a keen and abiding interest in what was going on around him. Some would say that he was too deeply partisan for a man of his holy calling. But partisan as he was he recognized that the vindication of the South had not yet come and that it must come through its literature. He looked forward to the coming of a great poet who should sing undying songs in defense of his beloved land.

He has not come ; he will.
But, when he chants, his song
Will stir the world to its depths and thrill
The earth with its tale of wrong.

The fallen cause still waits—
Its bard has not come yet.
His song through one of to-morrow's gates
Shall shine, but never set.

When marble wears away
And monuments are dust
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfill their trust.

He considered the poet's gift a divine one and one which when exercised always has its weight—for good or for evil. With Father Ryan it was always exercised for good. No one ever wrote purer verses ; not one immodest allusion, not one irreverent expression can anywhere be found. The beauty of truth and of religion is everywhere inculcated. But his poetry is something more than mere didactic verse ; it is the expression of the workings of an active imagination and of the longings of a restless soul, tempered by the tender feelings of a sympathetic heart. But let us hear what he himself has said of poets—of dreamers, as he calls them :

The poet is great Nature's own high priest,
Ordained from very birth
To keep for hearts an everlasting feast—
To bless or curse the earth.

They can not help but sing ; they know not why
Their thoughts rush into song,
And float above the world, beneath the sky,
For right or for the wrong.

But all art is imperfect. The sculptor can not put the whole of his conception into his marble ; the musician can not put the whole of his soul into the violin ; the painter can not put the whole of his vision upon the canvas ; the poet can not put the whole of his dream into verse. Art is but the outward expression of an inward thought. The body can never fully interpret the mind in its higher moods. How keenly Father Ryan felt this limitation in regard to poets !

Their sweetest harps have broken strings,
Their grandest accords have their jars,
Like shadows on the light of stars,
And somehow, something ever mars
The songs the greatest minstrel sings.

And so each song is incomplete,
And not a rhyme can ever round
Into the chords of perfect sound
The tones of thought that e'er surround
The ways walked by the poet's feet.

And now we close the account of the poet and his poetry. His life was not without cares and sorrow, and his lot was the lot of a wanderer. In 1886 this restless soul took its flight and sought the rest which it had so long desired.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways ;
'Tis hard to sow—and never garner grain,
In harvest days.

Calvin S. Brown.



ACROSS THE WAY.

ACROSS the way he sees his neighbor sit
Beside her window, there to sew or knit
Or read. Sweet neighbor with the sunny hair,
Wherewith she weaves for his poor heart a snare,
And in its golden braid has caught his wit.

A flowery frame, for that fair picture fit,
The window seems—her beauty brightens it.
Fain would he linger near that little chair
Across the way

And listen while she gaily trills a bit
Of song ; or watch her graceful figure flit
Along the hall and up the lofty stair.
Ah ! vain his dreams—too strict her father's care—
No impecunious youth will he admit
Across the way !

A. C. Bowser.



HIS LEGACY.

A STORY OF IDENTITIES.

"IT is a subject suited to the genius of the poet who wrote 'Bad Dreams,'" remarked the Professor as he abandoned himself wearily to the luxuriance of his arm-chair. What was there to be done? Absolutely nothing; and the fabric of the mystery accumulating around the letter and the lady began to occupy so great a portion of the gray matter of his brain that, instead of viewing the dream as a dream, he was almost persuaded to look upon it more and more in the light of an actual affair, an occurrence, so vividly was it stamped upon his mind.

It might have been an hour, or only the fractional part of an hour, that he sat there staring stolidly into vacancy, when with a "We shall see; we shall see. But this won't do! I'll become as fantastic as night if I continue," he arose and, lighting the gas, proceeded to the window. Drawing the heavy, oriental curtains that made a perpetual twilight of the room, he stood looking out upon the deserted square. It was near midnight and far in August. The half moon shone above the black roofs, subduing and softening all the ugly angles of the buildings into a silvery blur of shadow and touching the tops of a few sickly maples that kept up a withered rustling under his window. Abruptly turning away from the serene beauty of the night, the Professor moved in the direction of his writing-table, intending to annul all the weirdness of the dream in a practical appeal to a book and a pipe.

The Professor was a great student of mental philosophy, and it was difficult for him to deliberately relegate the analysis of his dream to that puzzling limbo wherein the uninitiated easily discard all visionary impressions. Therefore, an able psychologist, he did not attain to this conclusion of mental agitation at a single bound; it was a slow and gradual process assisted by numerous soporific puffs of the pipe and concentrated attention on the volume before him. At last he laid them aside, the degree of indifference he had desired having been attained, and now he would proceed to dispel in sleep whatever speculations his fancy might be prone to conjure up again. Just then his eye lighted upon a manuscript translation he had been engaged upon for the past few days.

It was late, but he could not resist taking the writing up and glancing over it now that it was completed. He did not care to look at the original German scrawl with its angular letters in faded ink and its ragged and bewildering blots, that, after in-

finite application, pains and patience, he had succeeded in deciphering. His efforts were at last rewarded by what appeared to be a disconnected legend, detached from a rich mass of now scattered and perhaps lost German folk-lore, relating to his own ancestors, but the final result of the writing was very different from what he had expected.

The manuscript had been included among a lot of old papers of a grand uncle of his, Herr Hermann, a bachelor and a misanthrope, who had recently died, leaving to the Professor, as sole heir and last scion of the once mighty house of Otto, the ruined remains of a medieval castle on the Rhine, and a bundle of yellow parchment manuscripts.

The knowledge of this hitherto unknown relationship, together with the importance of being the only living representative of a powerful line of German pfalzgrafs—who at one time had ruled the Rhine lands with a hand of iron—was very satisfying to the Professor. He had immediately busied himself in investigating the authenticity of his genealogical claims, and confirming the order of his descent. He was prouder of the three spiked bludgeons, argent on a field sable, and the crest of the golden gauntlet (which he now had stamped in colors on his writing-paper and envelopes) than he was of all the long dead line of feudal count and viscount, or of the legacy of the tumbling castle, litigation had almost stripped to a kreutzer's worth of ancient furniture and finery. The one was interesting as a substantial demonstration, the other was curious as a visionary realization.

The translation of the manuscripts of Herr Hermann would not have been an easy task for a more competent scholar than was the Professor, written as they were in a small, crabbed and aguish hand. As it was, after several days of vexatious vacillation between confirmations, doubts, and guesses, he had only been able to secure the following from the deplorable mass of obscurity :

“ Pfalzgraf Otto, from whom the Hermanns are descended, was a man of ferocious and brutal nature. Not only did he delight in the torture and oppression of his own peasantry and people, but it was his boast that he could blaspheme God and his angels with impunity ; that if there was a God why did he not protect the weak—to say nothing of Himself ? No ! there was no God ; and what the foolish people worshiped was merely a creation of the minds of the ignorant and licentious monks, of whom the Pope was the great arch-scoundrel. And as to the Bible—why, that was only the Hebrew mythology, identical with the similar mythologies of Greece and Italy. Indeed, if he

believed in anything it must have been the devil himself, with whom, it was whispered, he had struck up a contract, and sworn cheek by jowl, blood for blood, to be leal brother-in-arms in this world, and, in case there proved to be a next, for the term of all eternity.

"The liberty and license of his predatory retainers were limited only by his own. The goods of the husbandman, the life, the wife and the daughter of the husbandman, were the ruffian sport of this despot and his butchers. Murder, fire, and rape were the three croaking ravens that attended, as black familiars, the blacker banner of Graff Otto when he led his jolly and beer-blown bullies, with curse and song, from the ponderous gates of the Schloss.

"It was by might alone that the Pfalzgraf had won two wives. These had died suddenly when they had ceased to be interesting to the merry Graff. In horrible agonies, it was affirmed by eye-witnesses, and while banqueting in the great hall. Graff Otto had seen some flaxen-haired fraulein who pleased him better, perhaps. His confidential servant had received orders—but who shall say how the mistake was made of spicing the boiled wine of the late Pfalzgrafinn with wolfsbane instead of sweet basil?

"It was in the year 14—that the Graff had determined to take to wife the daughter of the burgermeister of Muhlhofen. He had only to publish his intention of interesting himself in the welfare of any maiden, and, behold, all other suitors immediately retired, generously and discreetly leaving the field open to his worshipful possession, while the parents meekly and hastily arranged about the dowry. In this instance, however, there were murmurs of disapproval, discontent, and even of resistance, for, you must remember, the villagers of Muhlhofen had the recent monstrous deaths of the Graff's two former wives before them as an everlasting warning of the fate that most probably awaited all his future wives. Moreover, this was the daughter of their burgermeister; and a more beautiful and lovable damsel than she was not to be found in the Rhine Valley.

"It came to pass that the Pfalzgraf and his robbers got wind of this disaffection of Muhlhofen, through spies some said, through his sworn friend and boon companion the devil, others said. So he rode, with a volley of oaths, from the portal of the Schloss to wreak signal vengeance upon the burgers of Muhlhofen.

"'Not one rat of them all shall escape me! Fools! fools! I will reduce the place to a desert, roof and cellar, and make an owl's roost of it! Fools! fools!'

"But this was not ordained to be. For as he rode break-neck, devil-may-care-like, over stock and stone through the forest, he happened to startle a wolf, milk-white, as it were a shaft of moonlight. Muhlhofen, burger and burgermeister were forgotten in the excitement of the chase and the securing of such a quarry. He must have the skin of the white wolf to match the white throat of his bride. The Pfalzgraf never noticed that he had abandoned his retinue. Not a solitary Junker followed him. Eager in pursuit, on he rode, the wolf gleaming and bounding through the tangled vistas of the trees, now vanishing like a broad blur of hurrying moonlight, now reappearing like a silver shadow.

"At last the Graff was compelled to leave horse and foot it among the rocks. He now observed that he had come to a tar-black stream that foamed darkly down fantastic foliage and savage stones. Where the stream emptied itself into a dismal pool covered with a sulphurous sort of scum and green and yellow duckweed, he saw what appeared to be the white wolf standing outlined against the sombre crimson of the west, seemingly bayed on the rock just above the sinister water. With a ferocious laugh of exultation, clutching and clinging by the evil and hairy ferns and roots, Graff Otto pulled himself awkwardly and heavily in his weight of armor up the ragged sides of the rock.

"It was no wolf that confronted him there, but a woman, white as a star and with eyes of yellow fire, like lucid topazes, and hair as dark as a stormy night. She looked at him steadily, and the Pfalzgraf felt the very marrow of his bones and his heart's blood freezing, slowly freezing, beneath that catlike gaze. Then she spoke, and the sound of her voice was like the sound of distant winds in the moonlit woods, mixed with the music of rushing waters falling over crystal pebbles into basins of crystal:

"'Blasphemer of God! behold in me the tutelary spirit of the house of Otto. I appear only to those of thy house who are about to perish violently. Farewell!'

"It is said that many weeks elapsed before they found the body of the Pfalzgraf, bloated and blistered beyond recognition, tangled in his rusty mail among the duckweed and oozy water-plants of a forest pool."

* * * * *

The Professor laid aside his manuscript. The fascination of being the descendant, the sole surviving representative, of such a house was to him repugnant and attractive at the same time. Again the troubled expression of the eyes of the lady of his dream occurred to him, but he would confuse them somehow

with a peculiar passage in the letter. Ah! he understood it now; yes, but he must sleep and see how it bore the explanation in the rational light of morning. It was three by the clock before he fell into an uneasy, frail slumber, wherein Graff von Otto and his bandit bravos played shuttlecock with milk-white wolf-heads and the golden-yellow eyes of star-white women.

The day was far advanced, indeed, the buhl clock on his mantel had chimed the hour of noon ere he arose. He had dreaded it as we dread the inevitable, but would have been surprised and disappointed had the letter not been there. There it was, the materialization of his dream, characterized by an envelope of vivid yellow, enclosing a bit of spotless white paper and nothing more. Not a line. He curiously examined the address. It was correct, and written in a fine, angular hand as of a female. The script was German, but the postmark American. Placing it carefully in an interior pocket the Professor left his apartments; they seemed to compress and oppress his mind that seemed dilating and expanding unto—what? He would go into the country where there was nothing to retard this unnatural ebullition of his thought and allow it all the possibilities of scope.

The gas lamps had commenced to dot the western glimmer as he returned by an unfrequented way. He was in an unknown quarter of the town in which he had resided for twenty years; at least a quarter unidentified with anything new he had known or seen of the city. In the course of his saunter, curiosity led him into a quaint old cemetery with queer, gaunt tombstones and vaults; rusty iron railings enclosing a little square of mounded silence, and flat moss-grown gravestones hiding a handful of dust and remembrance. He had intended going in an opposite direction, but finally found himself musing in the uncertain twilight before a mossy vault of stone at the extreme western end of the cemetery. Could he be mistaken? No. He was not. There under the sorrowful trees among a debris of weeds and flowers wavered the white of a woman's dress. He had hardly recovered from his surprise, and was about to move away, when she came eagerly towards him. Stopping suddenly she regarded him frowningly from head to foot.

He saw that she was small and very pale. A large foreign hat partially concealed the expression of her features. The graceful elegance of her form showed—from white-shawled shoulders to white-shod feet—kittenish winsomeness under the clinging draperies of lace and lawn. One beautiful white-gloved hand held a large lace fan of French workmanship. Extending the Professor her disengaged hand she said quietly, addressing him by name:

"You have kept me waiting," here she broke into a little laugh that seemed familiar to him, but after a hopeless effort to place it, he gave it up helplessly. She proceeded, allowing the Professor no chance to interrupt her, to take his arm, and leaning lightly on it, said: "Do you object to walking in this direction?"

The Professor could only stammer a breathless "No," and abandon himself utterly to her will. He was so completely under the influence of her control that he possessed no preference that did not first defer to hers; no impulse, that did not emanate from the dominating intentions of herself. He wondered if he had not fallen asleep and if it was not a dream. A dream, like that one of yesterday that had possessed him completely; only how different was she from the creature of that dream, the pleading beauty in mournful black!—here was happy loveliness clad in coquettish white, defiant and yielding, compliant and resistant. He could see that her hair was intensely black; and from the classic purity of cheek, chin and throat, he suspicioned marvels of exquisite complexion still indiscernible.

They had almost reached the gate by the sexton's house, and were passing under the lamps of the entrance when she suddenly looked up as if about to put an abrupt question to him. In that rapid glance he caught the full expression of her face and eyes—a face marble-white in its perfect beauty—and eyes like two lucid topazes, a luminous yellow.

Madison Carwein.

THE PINE.

O STATELY pine! that towering skyward lifts
A shining crest of green, high over all

The woodland billows, over tree-tops tall;
Thro' which the summer sunlight sifts
Its shredded gold, and thro' the rifts

The flitting shadows rise and fall,
Aslant the amber tinted wall

Of faded leaves that lie in rounded drifts.

Harp of the wind! what songs are thine!

When faintest echoes catch the soft refrain

Of vibrant reeds that touched by unseen hands,

The unrhymed music of the whispering pine

Sweeps downward, like the sighing rain

In wind-kissed vale, or tide on shifting sands.

George W. Shipman.

SOUTHERN FLOWERS.

IN journeying South the long, level tracts of low country, as we approach the coast line, may seem to unaccustomed eyes to promise little of variety and beauty. There is something of monotony in the stretches of pine woods, relieved though they be by the smooth, grassy savannas and swamps winding like ribbons of lighter green through them. Yet there is a charm in these same murmuring pines, and great beauty and variety in the flowers which grow under their shadow and along the watercourses.

On the high grounds many "fair and sweet and fragile things" find place, and besides the many flowers known to be native there, gentle strangers surprise the close observer, now and then. It is a charming surprise to find beneath the pine leaves on a bluff which faces north the delicate yet hardy trailing arbutus (*epigaea repens*) the May-flower of the North—and near by the hazelnut. The partridge berry (*mitchella repens*), which is as familiar to Northern eyes as to ours, has a wide habitat. It hides in swamps and lays its starry blossoms and scarlet berries on the softest, greenest moss, and in close companionship with the daintiest ferns that grow.

If the winter be mild on the coast of South Carolina, about the middle of January the first bluets (*houstonia patens*) spring to their full height of two inches, sending up from meadows and old fields their tiny gift of fragrance, fresh and dainty, as only the perfumes of early spring seem to be, full of a subtle spirituality that belongs to early youth, the childhood of flowers as of human beings.

The alder (*alnus serrulata*) hangs out her catkins, long ethereal-looking tresses, swayed by the faintest breath of air, shedding showers of gold to every passing breeze and surmounted by the loveliest pompons of deep crimson—the fertile



ALNUS SERRULATA.
CHAPTALIA.

flowers which will grow into seed vessels like tiny cones. These by the water courses, where the golden-brown water flows over white sand, with the softest murmur; where the banks are red-brown with fallen pine needles, and green here and there with richest mosses; and only a few paces further the chaptalias lift their tiny-rayed disks—daisies of the pinewoods—to the sun, and the large purple violets (*viola cucullata*) smile in rich benevolence on the flower lover who seeks them. The blue

toadflax (*linaria canadensis*) begins to dispute the sovereignty of the old fields and waste places with the sheep sorrel (*rumex acetosella*) forming in the distance a carpet of alternate patches of soft blue and tender red.

The yellow jessamine (*gelsemium sempervirens*) is in February or early March the herald of such an army of beauty and sweetness that one scarce knows how to choose among them. This Danae of the woods, under its shower of gold, fills all the air with a fragrance that seems the very breath of love, pure, delicious and never to be forgotten. It hangs its bright wreaths from every tree with a prodigal generosity that must seem incredible to dwellers in less favored lands. At a time like this, to ride through the woods with the tall pines murmuring overhead (every vivid green crest an Æolian harp) with faint fresh woody scents mingling with the perfume of the jessamine, the eye delighted with its color, is a rare pleasure.

Before the jessamine vanishes, if the eye can find time to search the lowly places, the pale gleam of the ato-

masco lily (*zephyranthus atomasco*), frail and bright, will reward the searcher.

March also brings the most delicately perfumed flower of all, the purple iris (*iris cristata*) scented like a violet, so frail in its texture that a breath will bruise it—so brilliant in its hues that it shines like the rainbow, and seems truly a colored light.

Along the banks of the creeks and rivers when April comes, the clematis (*c. crispa*) hangs its purple bells, the plant a per-



GELSEMIUM SEMPERVIRENS.

fect tangle of dark purple stems and shoots—the fragrant flowers, pale or bright, filled with yellow-tinted filaments—twined often with the red shoots of the tough and thorny smilax or clustered over the low growth of cones (*arundinaria*).

In fertile low grounds the coral bean (*erythrina herbacea*) makes a richly-colored picture, with its purple stems, branching from the root, its pale green leaves, its spikes of crimson flowers and later its black pods, bursting to show the vivid scarlet seeds.

On the high grounds, the wild white rose, the Cherokee (*rosa laevigata*), hangs its long streamers from the dark cedars and pines or, climbing and intertwining on itself, forms a hedge so impenetrable that only the smallest creature can pass through it.

Out in the pine barrens you find the white azalea spreading like snow, one species growing scarce two feet high—fragrant and very lovely with its long brown-tipped stamens. Nearer the watercourses the pink azalea shines from far, or hanging over the stream repeats itself on the smooth surface, neighbor in some seasons to the white, strongly-scented bay-flowers (*magnolia glauca*) and the fringe flower (*chionanthus virginia*) and the swamp laurel (*kalmia glauca*) just beginning to show its different shade of pink, amid its dark leaves, all in marked contrast to the faded blades of the marsh grass (*sparganium*) which grows in clumps on the margin and in the water. A closer approach to the streamers of moss, which hang from every tree, brings to our senses a perfume as of hyacinths and we have before us the tiniest, least-noticeable of our flora, the minute green flower of the gray moss (*tillandsia usneoides*), marveling to see on hoary age so fresh and fair and fragrant a baby flower, smiling at us with its wee, golden eye.

These are only a few of the goodly company. The magnolia



ROSA LAEVIGATA.
ERYTHRINA HERBACEA.
CLEMATIS CRISPA.

grandiflora queens it among them, a very aristocrat, with the tulip tree (*liriodendron*) as chief lady in waiting, its green and orange flowers scarcely less beautiful.

In the streams, the dogtongue (*nuphar sagittaeifolia*) shows its round, good-natured yellow balls and long leaves with fluted edges. The water-lily (*nymphaea odorata*) lights the dark waters of ponds and ditches. In the ditches which surround the rice-fields, its snowy whiteness against the dark water, its dull green leaves with red linings, form a fair picture between the living green of the growing rice. Here, too, the yellow

water lily (*nelumbium luteum*) lifts its slender stem and odd leaves above the water; leaves shaped like a dish or inverted umbrella, in color like malachite, in texture like velvet. The dew gathered in these lies like balls of molten silver in them, until the sun drinks it up. Both flowers and leaves rise above the surface. Over all the warm spring sunshine glows, glancing red on trunks of pine and cypress, gilding the streamers of moss, piercing the still, black mirror of the creek and turning it rich brown, flashing now and again on some swift winged bird or throwing a rosy flush over a white crane, as it lazily flies from one marshy spot to another. No sign of man in all the scene, save the little dug-out that has just floated around a curve, carried noiselessly on



SARRACENIA
LILIUM CATESBEII.

by the outflowing tide. All is silent until the plunge of some frog or turtle breaks the stillness.

In swampy places and on the broad, level, grassy savannas, generally free from all shrubbery, the odd pitcher plant or side-saddle flower (*sarracenia purpurea*) lifts its green and crimson cup to the dews, and sends up its peculiar flower; and other species (*s. variola* and *s. flava*) also hoard their water supply to

the destruction of many a guileless insect. Venus' flytrap (*dionœa muscipula*), with its leaves shaped like the feet of a mole and placed opposite that they may close and clasp over the unwary fly or spider that ventures in their way, is really a carnivorous plant, assimilating flesh when it is fed to it.

Among the orchidaceæ, the calopogon, the pogonia, the *arethusa* show their lovely exotic-looking flowers among the coarse grass in damp places, while the *epidendrum*, our only parasitical orchid, sheds its perfume to the night breezes only.

The *plantanthera* (wood) are a showy, yet delicate family. Yellow and white fringed orchis, crested orchis and the odd green orchis—its whole spike of flowers being green. The yellow-fringed orchis is the most delicate tint of salmon yellow—the white is snowy.

On through June the fair procession goes, many of the flowers blooming for weeks. Azalea, scarlet trumpet flower, purple wistaria hanging its grapelike clusters over the water, until as the queen month turns to wave us farewell, she drops from her fingers a hint of "autumn's fiery garlands" in the wood-lily (*lilium catesbæi*) following close in the footsteps of the pure, cool, diamond sparkling, fragrant, white orchis (*gymnadenia nivea*), beautiful as fairy frost work.

Mary Warham Forster.



THE MENDELSSOHN WEDDING MARCH.

I AM standing mutely hearkening to thy passion-pealing notes,
Like a thousand soaring songsters trilling with triumphant
throats ;

Sweet as mellow strains a-floating from the huntsman's bugle-horn
Far amid the verdant mountains, through the crimson skies of
morn ;

Thrilling like the trump of battle, when its peals arising high
Rouse the dormant soul to rapture, calling men to bleed and die.

And the joyous lover hearkens to those blissful, blissful strains,
Till his heart soars like an eagle, tearing from his captor's chains ;

Sweet to him as songs of seraphs, in a dying pilgrim's ear,
As he sees the earth grow dimmer and the pearly gates draw near !

But his hapless rival listens with a furious, fierce despair
And his heart leaps like a lion in his grim and gloomy lair ;

And he hearkens to its echoes as a corpse within the tomb
Hears the distant rumbling thunder of the judgment trump of
doom.

Still resounding, still resounding, are those wild and wondrous
peals,

Till a maze of weird enchantment far around the spirit steals.

Ah, what dreams of bliss celestial ; ah, what throngs of waking
woes !

Ah, what dreams of summer splendors ; ah, what storms of
winter snows !

Ah, how many feet have trodden to that music rich and rare !
Some bewinged with blissful blessings, others weighted with
despair !

Some to love's sweet land of wonders, mystic realms of richest
bloom,

Some to hatred's blasted kingdom, shrouded in eternal gloom !

Some with trustful eyes adoring, casting all but love away,
Some betraying love for riches, trampling heart and soul in clay !

Some to live a life triumphant, loving, loyal, bright and brave,
Some to see hope fade forever, sinking in a living grave !

Walter Malenc.

"GULNARE."

CHAPTER I.

"Sam, put the saddle on the Black Mare and Gulnare and bring them around; they ought to be exercised to-day."

"All right, Mars Hugh; I'll be back in a minit," and Sam started off in a jog trot in the direction of the stables.

Hugh Mercer walked back and forth on the front porch, his hands buried in his pockets, waiting the return of Sam which he knew would not be long.

The house was an old fashioned, homelike, typical Kentucky mansion. It was two stories high, with a porch extending across the entire front. Situated in the center of a ten acre tract which composed the yard and surrounded by immense beech and other forest trees, it would be hard to imagine a place with more of natural beauty. The lawn was carpeted with the soft, velvety blue-grass for which Kentucky is celebrated throughout the world.

This home of the Mercers was erected by Hugh's father when he first came to Kentucky from Virginia, a young man with his youthful bride. They had resolved to brave the hardships of the wilderness, hoping to better their fortunes. A large tract of land had been granted Hugh's father by the United States Government in return for services rendered by his father, who was General Hugh Mercer of Revolutionary fame.

General Mercer's record is a matter of history. He was a native of Scotland and fled to this country from the battle of Culloden, seeking a home of freedom in the wilderness of America. As soon as the Revolutionary War broke out he was one of the first to offer his aid to his adopted country. He joined the Continental army and was made a brigadier-general. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Princeton and died some days afterwards in the arms of the nephew of General Washington.

Two years after the arrival of the Mercers in Kentucky, Hugh was born, and when he was ten years old, his father, fired by the same patriotic feeling for which General Mercer was noted, joined the army of General Zachary Taylor, with the rank of captain. He was killed at the battle of Buena Vista while making a desperate charge at the head of his men.

General Taylor wrote a personal letter to the almost broken-hearted widow in which he expressed the keenest grief and said, "Your husband was the bravest and truest man I have

ever known. Your loss is great but our country's loss is greater." The messenger that brought this letter also brought the Black Mare that had borne the form of her beloved husband through all of the perils of the war until death separated the warrior from the faithful steed that was henceforth to be sacred in the eyes of his widow. She was a beautiful animal. Her coat was glossy and as black as the wings of a crow. Her spirit and every appearance betokened high descent. She was undoubtedly a daughter of royal blood.

Margaret Mercer was so devotedly attached to her husband that she could hardly have survived his death had it not been for her children, Hugh and Margaret (the latter was five years Hugh's junior.) The dependence of the little ones nerved her in her despair, and with all the courage she could summon she set about preparing them for the battle of this life and fitting them for the life hereafter.

Pursuant to the advice of General Preston, who had been her husband's warm friend, Margaret Mercer sold four thousand acres of her land. With the income from the proceeds, which she was fortunate in investing, she was enabled to give her children the advantage of a liberal education. Margaret had been sent to school at Richmond, Virginia, and Hugh to an academy at Lexington and afterwards to the best medical college in Philadelphia, where he was graduated with the second honor and was chosen valedictorian of his class.

Margaret Mercer had every reason to be proud of her children. Her daughter, at the time this story opens, had just returned from school, was twenty years of age, tall like her father but with her mother's beautiful face and gentle, sweet manners.

Hugh, who loved his sister and worshiped his mother, was a bright, manly fellow with a strong love for field sports. He was the best shot in the county and the best rider. From the time he was twelve years of age, he could break the most fractious colts on the place. At the age of twenty-five, as he walked up and down the porch it would have been hard to find a more perfect specimen of physical manhood.

He was five feet ten inches in height, rather slender but hard as iron. His love for and pursuit of outdoor sports had conduced to his muscular development. His face was not handsome from the standpoint of regularity of features. His mouth was rather large, his nose a trifle prominent and his lower jaw almost too square, giving him, when his face was in repose, rather a stern expression. But nobody ever looked into the frank, manly face of Hugh Mercer and caught the straight glance

from his kindly blue eyes that did not instinctively feel that the man before him was one who could be depended upon in any emergency.

The sound of horses' feet fell on his ear and Sam, mounted upon Gulnare and leading the Black Mare, rode up to the steps. Hugh lost no time in getting into the saddle and they started off in a gallop.

Sam was a jockey of no small pretensions and many times had ridden the Mercer horses to victory at the meetings at Louisville, Lexington and Nashville.

While Hugh was away at Philadelphia his horses had not been entered, and Sam had not had an opportunity to display his prowess for some time. He was yearning from the depths of his soul for another appearance on the turf, perfectly confident that Gulnare could show her heels to any three-year-old in the world. He had extracted a promise from Mars Hugh to let him ride her in the meeting at Lexington, and he could hardly endure the suspense of waiting until the two months would elapse.

Gulnare was the most beautiful and promising of all the Black Mare's colts. She was a deep sorrel with long and flowing mane and tail. Her limbs were long and clean, her chest deep and her eyes brown, liquid, and beautiful with fire and intelligence. She was sired by the great Red Hawk and was worthy of Sam's unbounded confidence.

They soon arrived at their destination, a half mile track on the back of the Mercer place, which had been prepared for the purpose of speeding and training the horses. When they rode up to the track they were surprised to find it already occupied by a flying steed, upon the back of which was seated a young woman of about eighteen years of age. She was a good rider, for she was urging her horse to its utmost speed with her whip, and the easy grace with which she kept her seat won the admiration of the newly arrived audience. She was on the far side of the track when they came up and as she turned the curve, she became aware of their presence and pulled her horse in and stopped directly in front of Hugh. He raised his hat, the admiration sparkling in his eyes, and she said :

"Good evening, sir. I suppose you are Dr. Mercer. I am trespassing upon your grounds."

"I am Dr. Mercer. You are welcome on my place. I suppose you are a stranger to this county for I believe I know every man, woman and child in Woodford."

"No, sir, not exactly a stranger. You know you have been away for several years to school and have not been able to keep up with all of the *improvements* that have been going on in the

neighborhood. I am Mildred Atherton. My father, Judge Atherton, purchased the Grayson place about two years ago and we have been living there ever since." While she was speaking, Hugh had time to drink in the many beauties of this charming young woman.

"She is even prettier than Margaret," he thought.

Hugh up to this point in his existence had not been thrown much with women and the chance meeting with this beautiful and intelligent girl was both pleasing and novel. He became so engrossed in conversation that he seemed likely to forget the object of his visit to the track. He was reminded of the business of the afternoon by Miss Atherton who, after expressing her admiration for Gulnare in words of warm praise, requested to see her run and he was forced reluctantly to gratify this desire. The horses were soon flying around the track while Mildred sat an interested spectator. She was concerned not only in the horses, but she felt an interest she did not altogether understand in the rider of the Black Mare.

Mildred Atherton was an only daughter; her mother died when she was very young. She was the idol of her father. Every wish of her heart had been gratified and she had been spoiled and petted all her life. She was beautiful beyond question. Her figure was exquisitely molded. Her eyes were deep brown, her hair light brown, her complexion had the delicate tints of the sea shell. Some people do not believe in love at first sight, but they had never seen Mildred Atherton.

"Dr. Mercer is quite the nicest man I have ever met," she thought to herself, "and what a splendid rider he is."

Hugh and Sam thundered past and away they went up the track, the little darky looking not unlike a monkey, for Sam was of the pure African type, and while he was as old as Hugh, he only weighed one hundred and five pounds. His face was wrinkled and old looking, but he was a rider for a man's life.

After the horses had been exercised to Hugh's satisfaction, he joined Miss Atherton and they rode along together towards her father's house.

When they reached the Atherton place it was with a feeling of regret that he bade her good night and rode home. He had spent the happiest afternoon of his life.

Hugh was not what is called a ladies' man, and while he had that feeling of knightly respect and consideration for them peculiar to men of the South, he was usually rather shy and reserved when in the society of women. The frank, free and easy, but at the same time dignified manners of Miss Atherton, had melted his reserve without his knowing how or why, and he found it impossible to dismiss her from his thoughts.

All the way home her face was before him with those soft, earnest brown eyes, that looked into his own so fearlessly. He thought of her beautiful, rich brown hair and her sweet, happy, bright face, and he wondered if it were possible for such a glorious being to feel interested in the rough, uncouth creature comparison made him appear.

As soon as he had put the Black Mare in the stable he hurried to the house and called Margaret and, much to that young woman's amusement, inquired if she knew that the most beautiful woman in the world was living in Woodford county. Margaret pretended that she thought he meant her. Hugh was not in a humor for joking, and his sister who loved "dear, old serious Hugh," as she called him, better than any one in the world, inquired who the distinguished personage was.

He related his adventure of the afternoon, eulogizing Miss Atherton with all the power of language and made his sister promise to visit her the next day.

CHAPTER II.

According to her promise, the next morning, Margaret Mercer called on Mildred Atherton. Soon these two young women were fast friends and Margaret became almost as much infatuated with Mildred as was her brother.

They were together almost every day and took many long rides in which they were often joined by Hugh whose love for Mildred had now taken possession of his whole being. He could hardly think or talk of anything else. This happy companionship went along smoothly until the appearance one day of another man on the scene in the person of Howard Fontaine.

He was the son of a very wealthy man whose place adjoined the Athertons'. He had been traveling in Europe for two years and upon his return, learning of the new attraction in the neighborhood, lost no time in making the acquaintance of the Athertons. He had been the schoolmate of Hugh in Lexington, but they were not congenial and had never been intimate.

Howard was one of those fortunate individuals who are perfectly satisfied with themselves. His father was wealthy. His mirror displayed a handsome face. He had been successful in some love affairs and felt great confidence in his abilities as a lady killer. He bore the reputation of being wild and not overly honest in his intentions towards women, but that did not

appear to be any disadvantage socially ; in fact, in some circles it seemed to lend additional charm to his person.

He was dark, with regular features, black hair and large prominent dark eyes that shone with a reckless, dare-devil expression. His mouth was coarse and was his only imperfect feature, but this was partly hidden by a heavy black mustache.

After the arrival of Howard it seemed as though a black cloud had arisen to obscure Hugh's happiness. He boldly usurped the position by Mildred's side on all occasions and Hugh, like a great many other lovers have done before, imagined that Mildred preferred for it to be that way and soon dropped out of the party. He busied himself with the training of Gulnare. He knew that Howard Fontaine's celebrated horse, Hiawatha, had been entered for the Lexington meeting and he promised himself a victory in that direction at least.

Mildred was not altogether happy. The attentions of Howard Fontaine were pleasing at first to her vanity, the more so because, woman like, she enjoyed the jealousy awakened in Hugh, but she was growing tired of him now. She had begun to understand the true character of the man. He had almost separated her from the Mercers, for Margaret, loyal to her brother, had grown more formal every time they met. She was turning these little unpleasanties over in her mind when out riding with Mr. Fontaine, when that gentleman, unadvisedly as it turned out for him, broke into her thoughts with :

"I say, Miss Mildred, I understand that gawk Mercer has entered his Gulnare for the Lexington races. She won't have a ghost of a show with Hiawatha. She is nothing but a crab."

The hot blood mounted to Mildred's cheek. She turned on him and, with voice trembling with poorly concealed passion, said : "Mr. Fontaine, I want you to understand that Dr. Mercer is a friend of mine, and his horse, Gulnare, is as much superior to your Hiawatha as Dr. Mercer is superior to you.

She was almost frightened at the effect of her words, for Howard wheeled his horse around while his eyes fairly blazed with passion. He swore a terrible oath and said he was a better man than any Mercer that ever lived and that if Hugh crossed his path, he would kill him as he would a dog. He then struck his horse a stinging blow with his whip and galloped off in high dudgeon, leaving her to go home alone.

When he was out of sight, her nerves had suffered so terribly by the stormy affair which she had precipitated that she burst into tears. Her eyes were not yet dry when a familiar figure, mounted on the Black Mare, appeared in sight and Hugh Mercer was by her side. The very man in all the world she

would rather not have seen at that time. Her face was still wet with the tell-tale tears. His quick eye detected the traces of grief and his voice trembled as he hurriedly inquired :

"What is the matter, Miss Mildred ? I will do anything in my power to serve you."

"All I ask of you is to be generous enough not to question me and to let me go home by myself." As she spoke, Hugh lifted his hat and immediately started his horse. She noticed an expression of offended sorrow on his face.

"Wait a moment, Dr. Mercer ; I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kindness and I like you better than any man I know, but I prefer for you to let me go home now, alone, and do not ask me any questions."

"Your slightest wish is a command to me, Miss Mildred." He raised his hat and passed on. All the way home her words kept ringing in his ears like the sweetest music.

"I like you better than any man I know," and he wondered, poor simpleton, for a man in love is a simpleton, if it could be possible that she might ever say, "I *love* you better than any man I know." He could hardly persuade himself to think so, dear as the thought was, but he felt happier than he had felt for weeks.

The old Black Mare, no doubt, wondered what had come over him for he rode her in a break-neck gallop all the way home.

CHAPTER III.

The day for the eventful race at last arrived. It would be but a waste of words to describe the throng of people assembled at the Lexington race track on this beautiful spring day. All of my readers have witnessed a similar gathering at some time in their lives. It may be that they have seen it in some other part of the world and may not have looked upon the throng of beautiful women that grace these meetings with their presence and lend an additional charm to the Kentucky race track.

A Kentuckian loves a race horse and he loves to see him run for the pure enjoyment of the sport. The opportunity presented for gambling, which is the chief attraction in some parts of the country, is secondary with him.

Hugh and Sam had been in Lexington for some days. Mrs. Mercer, with Margaret and Mildred, had just arrived that morning. Hugh sees them seated in the grand stand and then

excuses himself. He wants to give Sam his last instructions. There are but seven horses to face the starter, but, in the vernacular of the sports, they are all "Cracker Jacks."

They are listed on the programme as follows:

Hiawatha,	Bay horse,	Sire Tecumseh,	Dam Pocahontas,	Crimson cap and sleeves.
Whisper,	Black horse,	Sire Echo,	Dam Midnight,	Green cap and sash.
Haldee,	Bay mare,	Sire Don Juan,	Dam Cleopatra,	Orange and black.
Gulnare,	Sorrel mare,	Sire Red Hawk,	Dam Black Mare,	Blue cap and sleeves.
Whirlwind,	Bay horse,	Sire Cyclone,	Dam Furious,	Black cap and sleeves.
Mary C.,	Bay mare,	Sire Henry VIII.	Dam Queen Catharine,	Red and yellow.
Boom-de-ay,	Bay horse,	Sire Irish Pat,	Dam Annie Rooney,	Purple jacket.

The round, stentorian tones of the pool seller is heard below, shouting, "Hiawatha s-o-l-d for a *hundred and fifty dollars*. How much for second *chawice*." Hiawatha is a hot favorite, and the knowing ones go strong on him. He ran the year before, beating every horse that appeared against him. Whisper sells second, Whirlwind third, Haidee fourth, Gulnare fifth, Mary C. sixth, Boom-de-ay last.

Now the horses begin to appear for the preliminary gallop, and as each passes the grand stand his ears are tickled with the encouraging shouts of his admirers. The first horse to appear is Whisper. That he has many well wishers is attested by loud shouts and expressions of admiration.

"He's a hummer," "If they beat him they'll beat a good one," "Look at that gait on him," and many other forcible terms are used, expressive of the various sorts and conditions of men present.

Then Hiawatha gallops slowly past the stand and it seems as though the whole multitude join in the cry of triumph that greets the best horse of last season and the already acknowledged winner of the Lexington meeting. The jockey grins his satisfaction and nods his head. His heart is almost bursting with pride, for a negro is the proudest of display of any of the human race.

"Why don't Gulnare come?" Mildred says; "the people will get over their enthusiasm if she don't hurry up. Oh, there she is," and down the track comes the beautiful sorrel, with Sam decked out in the blue of the Mercer stables.

An involuntary buzz of admiration greets Miss Gulnare's debut on the turf from the ladies' stand, and a generous shout goes up from the men, for while she has not many backers in the pools, she is certainly the prettiest animal on the track to-day.

"Too durn pretty to be much er count," one old fellow expresses himself.

When the mare appears Margaret looks at her mother and sees the tears standing in her eyes. She feels a choking sensation

in her own throat and it was with difficulty she restrains a sob. Mildred says :

"Oh, if she don't win I believe I shall die !"

Now the starter is taking his position down at the three-quarter post. The bell rings to bring the horses to the start. The excitement is growing intense. Everybody is craning his neck, watching the maneuvers.

Presently a shout goes up "They are off," and then "No, come back, come back, the flag isn't down."

Again they try it. This time it's a go, for the starter drops his flag and they are bounding away like so many arrows from a bow.

Everybody rises.

The blue, the green, the orange, the crimson are flashing together and the horses are coming down the track like charging cavalry.

It is impossible to tell which is in the lead. It is a good start. Now they pass before the grand stand.

"*Hiawatha !*" they shout, while some scream "*Whisper !*" For neck and neck, nose and nose, these two equine gladiators are straining for the mastery and running together at the top of their speed as though to shut out all chance of victory for the others.

Close at their heels appear Whirlwind, Gulnare and Haidee, while Mary C. and Boom-de-ay are close up.

It is still anybody's race.

The first quarter is passed without much change. Haidee has dropped back. Whirlwind and Gulnare are still holding their own some two lengths behind the flying leaders.

At the half mile, Hiawatha and Whisper still leading. The crimson and green and the jockeys' heads are bobbing together. Behind them comes Gulnare alone, for Whirlwind has dropped back and the others are stringing to the rear, losing ground. The pace is too hot for them to stand. No change at the three-quarters. Hiawatha and Whisper still nose and nose, Gulnare still claiming a right for the final contest.

"Why *don't* Sam whip up ?" Mildred says, and she digs her nails in the palms of her hands in her excitement.

"I am afraid he is going to lose."

Around to the seven-eighths they come, but Hiawatha can not shake off Whisper. He is running right by his side and Gulnare has never lost an inch.

"Here they come !" the crowd shouts. The crimson and green flash around the curve together and closer than ever comes the blue. Sam has at last begun to ride.

Following Hugh's instructions, he has held the mare in for the last one-eighth. He was told to keep her up close, but not to force the running.

Now is the time.

Settling himself firmer in the saddle, his soul on fire with waiting, he shakes the reins and loosens his hold.

The spirited animal responds with a burst of speed that strikes terror to the hearts of the other jockeys. Almost at a bound it seems she crosses the space that separates her from the leaders.

In vain they ply whip and spur. She runs away from them and comes down the track at a speed that defies their best efforts and passes under the wire a winner by two lengths.

"*Gulnare!*" is shouted at the starry dome in a triumphant burst that shakes the building.

Sam's eyes are shining like twin diamonds set in alabaster.

The rider of Whisper by a skillful jerk at the right moment, pushes that horse's nose forward, and the mighty Hiawatha, the toasted favorite of a few minutes before, has to take third place, Whirlwind fourth, Haidee fifth, Mary C. sixth and Boom-de-ay distanced.

It would be difficult to describe the joy of the little group who were so deeply interested in the result. Mildred and Margaret, relieved from the great strain, kissed each other and laughed and wept by turns. Mrs. Mercer from the fullness of her heart let fall a few gentle tears.

Hugh started over to the stable to see about his horse, but was delayed somewhat by people who knew him and wanted to shake his hand in congratulation.

Sam had gone to the stable with Gulnare which joined the stable of Hiawatha.

The little negro's heart was full with happiness. This was his hour of supreme joy that he had been dreaming of for months. He was at the height of his fame. He was playing the star part and the stable boys crowded around him as if he were a king.

He was giving vent to his overcharged feelings in an unintelligible word which is known, however, in some parts of the country to be a sound of triumph and self-congratulation. Every few minutes he would open his mouth and utter :

"*Odds-ziggity.*"

This he had done a good many times when it so happened that Tom, the darky who had ridden Hiawatha and who had already discounted the note of happiness of which Sam was in receipt of the proceeds, passed by. He had confidently expected

to be the proud recipient of the honors and the homage which his hated rival had wrested from him. His countenance was sullen and dejected. He could not conceal his chagrin. Just as he got opposite to Sam, he raised his head.

Their eyes met.

The hateful word "oddsziggity" once more escaped from Sam's mouth.

In a moment both heads were lowered and they came together with a crack that sounded for a distance. They clinched and gouged and scratched as only negroes can gouge and scratch. They were so immersed in trying to pull each other's eyes out that they were oblivious to everything going on around them.

The sharp stinging blows of a whip brought them to their senses and separated them. Sam saw the white face and devilish black eyes of Howard Fontaine. He looked like a fiend incarnate. He beat Sam over the face and head with his whip until the little ducky, with a moan of anguish, sank upon the ground, unable longer to endure the pain. He would probably have murdered him, for he was smarting under the mortification and disappointment of having his horse beaten, and besides, had lost thousands of dollars. He seemed bent upon taking it all out on Sam.

Hugh Mercer appeared at this moment. Howard Fontaine felt a grip like a steel trap on his wrist, his whip was torn from his grasp.

"You miserable coward," was shouted in his ear and he received a blow in the face that would have felled an ox. He was knocked senseless, and it was some time before he could be restored to consciousness. Hugh Mercer, infuriated by his brutality, had struck him with all the power of fury.

That night the Mercers and Mildred, Sam and Gulnare returned home. The same train brought Howard Fontaine.

CHAPTER IV.

A few days after the events narrated in the last chapter, a tall, pompous, dignified, military looking man rode into the Mercer place and inquired for Dr. Mercer. The most conspicuous feature of this distinguished looking individual was his nose, the extreme redness of which suggested that he was a man of convivial habits.

He was shown to the reception room and when Hugh

appeared, he arose and said: "I am Colonel St. John Buford, sir. You have insulted my friend Fontaine, sir. I am the bearer of a challenge from him, sir. He demands satisfaction, sir."

Hugh politely replied: "I recognize his right to receive satisfaction and I will be pleased to give it to him. I refer you to my friend Henry Preston, who will arrange the details with you."

"Well, good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, sir."

The preliminaries for the duel were soon arranged. It was to take place the next morning at nine o'clock. Henry Preston, knowing Hugh's skill with the rifle, had chosen that weapon at thirty paces.

It must not be inferred from the readiness with which Hugh accepted this challenge that he was a man of bloodthirsty inclinations. At the time in which he lived it would have been preposterous for a gentleman to have done otherwise. Nothing but cowardice could have been the explanation for such action on his part. Even his mother would have disowned him and felt disgraced if he had refused to fight when he had given just cause for a challenge. Hugh was a man of too kind a heart not to regret deeply the turn affairs had taken, but it never occurred to him that there could be any other way out of it.

He began to make preparations in the event that he should be killed, the most important of which, to him, was a letter to Mildred. He would tell her of the love that he had carried in his heart all this time and never dared to utter.

He wrote this letter that night in his room and placed it in his bureau drawer, properly addressed. He knew if he was killed that they would understand and give it to her. He went down and kissed his mother and sister good night very tenderly for he did not know but what it would be for the last time. He came back and went to bed where he tossed from side to side, his mind busy with the thoughts born of the impending danger.

He first thought of his dear, sweet, patient mother whose hair was now white with the holy crown of age. He knew that dear head, that had already had its share of trouble, would be bowed in sorrow and that gentle spirit broken should anything happen to him. He was her heart's idol. She loved his sister very dearly, but the love and pride of her heart was centered in him. To him she had transferred the love she had for his father. It made him sad to think of it. He had no thought of danger for himself.

When Mildred came into his mind, then it was he thought

most of danger. Since their last meeting he had begun to feel that she might care for him, and with that hope in his heart, the desire to live was very strong.

He thought of his sister, and Sam, poor little dwarf that he was and a negro at that, but Hugh knew that Sam loved him more than any other human being did, not excepting his mother. Sam would have given his life at any moment for Marster Hugh. Sam's love was like the love that pure, simple-hearted people feel for God. It was humble, obedient, full of trust and dependence. He believed that Mars Hugh knew everything, could do anything. He loved him with his whole heart.

Last, Hugh thought of the Black Mare and the days of his happy childhood. He remembered the first time he ever mounted her back and how proud he was, and how from that moment he loved her until now. Somehow, she seemed to him to be a part of his dead father, whose memory he had been taught to revere so fondly and then he fell asleep.

At half past eight o'clock the next morning he rode out of the gate on the Black Mare.

A few minutes after Hugh had gone, Margaret went to his room and found the letter left in his drawer, sealed and addressed to Miss Mildred Atherton.

"Brother must have forgotten to send this," she said to herself and thinking to please him, she called Sam and told him to deliver it to Miss Mildred right away. Sam put the saddle on Gulnare and was soon far on the road for no one has ever seen a negro ride slowly.

Mildred saw him come in the gate and thinking he was the bearer of a message from Margaret, opened the door herself. She was quick to recognize the handwriting and a flush of pleasure mounted her face as she broke the seal. When she read the first line, a startled exclamation escaped her lips and she staggered and gasped for breath. Mildred was not one of the fainting kind and while the color never returned to her face, she read the letter through:

"MY DARLING: I may dare call you my darling for if you ever read this letter it will be when I am dead. By half past nine o'clock, the duel will be over and when this is received you will also get the news of my death.

"I have loved you from the first moment we met. I have not told you, because I have always been sensible of my unworthiness. I have never loved any one else.

"May God in his infinite mercy protect you always and may you sometimes, if not lovingly, then kindly, think of

HUGH MERCER."

By the time she had finished reading the letter, the hot tears were coursing each other down her cheeks and she was sobbing as if her heart were broken. As soon as she could command her voice to speak, she questioned Sam who had been standing all this time sniveling in the door. He did not know wherefore, but Miss Mildred was a great favorite with him and she seemed in trouble. From Sam, she learned that nothing unusual had happened at the Mercer place. He said that Mars Hugh had ridden down the road about a half hour before. She found that Margaret had given him the letter and did not appear at all excited. A ray of hope entered her heart and she ordered Sam to run to the stable and put the saddle on her horse.

"I am going back with you," she said. Her order was quickly carried out and Mildred and Sam were soon galloping down the road toward the Mercer home. Mildred's face was white with despair and almost at every step of her horse she raised her pure, sweet face to heaven and "Oh, Father, spare him" ascended to the throne of mercy. When they arrived at their destination, the consternation in which the family were thrown is best supplied by the imagination of the reader.

In the meantime Hugh had met his friend Henry Preston, and they rode together to the meeting place where Howard Fontaine, Dr. Brice and Colonel St. John Buford were already in waiting. Hats were doffed all around and preparations immediately begun for the business of the morning. It was a cloudy day. There was no choice of sides for there was no sun to interfere with the markmanship. The paces were measured off and the men took their positions.

What a contrast there was in the appearance of the two principals who were now facing each other on "the field of honor." Hugh Mercer, with his fair, true, Saxon face, unmarked by even a shade of passion. Howard Fontaine, dark and evil looking, with an expression of hate which he could not hide. He had come there, not only determined to wipe out the stain on his honor, but also determined to kill. After everything was in readiness Colonel Buford began to count slowly:

"One—two—three."

As the last word left his mouth, both men threw their guns to their shoulders. Hugh's rifle spoke first and Howard Fontaine fell; his rifle went off after he was shot and the bullet flew wide. They all hurried to the side of the wounded man and a hasty examination was made. It was found that the ball had entered on the left side of his body but high up, breaking his collar bone and coming out on the other side. Hugh had aimed to wing him and the shot had been successful.

"He'll live, I think," the doctor said.

* * * * *

On the porch at the Mercer home the three women are waiting, watching, and praying for Hugh's return. Who is there that will say that these supplications were not answered?

Sam was the only one who knew the cause of the excitement who was not disturbed. His confidence in Mars Hugh was unbounded.

"Mars Hugh won't git hurt," he said, "but thar'll be a funeral at Mars Fontaineses."

He seated himself on the post at the gate where he could command a view of the road both ways, and it was his voice that announced the safe return of his young master.

"Here comes Mars Hugh," he shouted at the top of his voice. "He's all right," and in a moment more the Black Mare bounded in the gate with her precious load.

Mildred sprang from the porch and ran forward to meet him, shouting, "Hugh! Hugh!" He rode straight toward her and pulled his horse to a halt at her side. He leaped quickly to the ground and folded her to his heart.

"I love you better than any man I know," she said.

Sam caught the bridle of the Black Mare and led her away to the stable.

George Griffith Fetter.

RESTFULNESS.

A PICTURE.

OUT from the canes at sunset,
 The thrush his last note gives,
 And the cat-bird softly twitters
 Of the lonely life he lives;
 While the leas lie longside breathing
 A breath that is sweet with June,
 And the fields of grain that are golden
 Lie waiting for the harvest moon:
 A red glare blaze from the sunset
 Falls on the farmhouse pane
 That stands in the grove of cypress
 At the start of the winding lane;
 The sun rays wane from the meadow
 And beckon the pale-face moon,
 The whippoorwill calls from the mountain,
 And a night-tide comes from the June.

Aubrey Harwell.

THE GIRL WHO VISITS.

A YOUNG girl can scarcely be a nuisance to an elderly man. She cajoles and wheedles and flatters him, deceives him, and, in many ways, causes him to make a monumental ass of himself, much to his after shame and degradation, but even in his pangs of self-abasement he delights to remember her caresses and her confidences, her cunning little ways and her charming affectations of affection and regard for him. He recalls as a sweet reminiscence her pretty fawnings and her gentle kittenish purrings, when she induced him to neglect his business and burn the midnight oil in writing her graduating essay on "The Stern Realities of Life," or "Every Cloud has its Silver Lining." He remembers with a thrill in his blood how he saw her advance with that precious essay in her hand—all blue ribbons—and she, herself, nestling in a filmy cloud of white, and decked with pink roses. How proud he felt then, as her blue eyes turned toward where he was seated, and her round, red lips seemed to smile across the heads of other people at him, and him alone. He remembers all this, but forgets that a week afterwards she passed him on the street, and leaning heavily on a young lover's arm, asked so as to be overheard: "Who is that old man? I must have met him somewhere."

A young girl is at once the breath of life and its incarnation in pink and white beauty. She is the dream and its embodiment, the peach blossom and the ripened peach, a carnal paradise, and yet the apotheosis of earth. An Eden, guarded well by flaming swords of custom and propriety, she is the substance of all fruits, the essence of all flowers. In her eyes there are faint shadows of a possible Madonna, in her smile the luring reminiscence of forbidden fruit. Fitted to tease, to tantalize, to captivate, the bright waves of her being flow about an old man's heart, though reaching not quite to his lips. All through the sunlight of the day she drifts like apple blooms in spring drift through the air, beneath the moonlight; she becomes the plastic statue of a sigh, a vision and a sentiment, a figure always, always changing, always lovelier in the change. The frost upon an old man's head may not have pinched his heart, and so he looks and lingers, loves and dreams, and wraps himself about with robes of gentle reminiscence.

In the reveries which come to one who has really lived—for there are some souls which would make Sahara seem a rose garden besides their barrenness—always is mingled the recollec-

tion of a young girl. Usually there is more than one. Probably there is a procession of demure and modest maids, which would easily eclipse an English May day with its queen and all her maids of honor. Youth is made up of changing loves, of quarrels, of reconcilements, of passions fervid as the summer heat to-day, cold as the winter snow to-morrow. The man who has loved but once was never young, nor does he ripen with his years. He is a sapless knot upon the tree of life ; he takes no nourishment, nor gives he any grace to it—he never loved at all.

But to one who has lived and loved, the recollection of those sweet beings who made his youth so glorious comes with most pleasurable significance. Each one of them recalls an era in the history of his heart. It may be that only for one blessed hour did he sit beside her, holding her hand in his ; it may be that only once did he steal honey from her lips, drinking the nectar of the gods from her gentle breathing ; it may be that he had only one quick glance from a gracious and ardent eye to tell him that the heart behind that look was his. Yet he remembers all. He remembers the heavy odor of the oleander which surfeited his senses as he pressed her hand ; he has not forgotten the flavor of the orange blossoms which made his stolen kiss the sweeter, and the locust bloom when it whitens the ground and gives fragrance to the air speaks of that loving glance most eloquently. Under the Southern cross, or under the Northern lights, the sweet surroundings of a budding love are always grateful to the memory. The veteran remembers the color of the ribbons which his sweetheart wore, the slippers which encased her little feet, the books she read—or claimed to read—the dainty dishes which she loved to make for him, which only she could make—although her mother made them and he knew it not. *Eheu, fugaces!* How many silly things a loving old man can reflect upon !

But sentiment has its moral just as the fables have. Sentiment is no fable, it is true, for in all youth it is the real life and nourishment of man. In age it is his solace and his comfort. To the heart it is sunshine, to the soul it is inspiration. It is just as real to the noble mind as the interest which the usurer counts on stocks and bonds and notes, and it gives much greater pleasure. It is the power behind love and patriotism. It creates the family and the hearthstone around which children cluster ; it evokes the battlefield and the monument to heroes. It touches the lips of orators to make them eloquent, and breathes in music through the poet's lyre. With the smile of it upon a barren life there comes the bud, the blossom, and the fruit. It is one with the bending sky of heaven ; it is one with

the violet, the crocus and the lily. It unites the mountain and the meadow, the rolling ocean and the purling brook. It goes up from the heart of man like the sweet savor of a sacrifice sent in smoke to pacify the gods. It is sentiment which makes one worship the Madonna and the Holy Child.

And the moral of all this sentiment about young girls lies in the setting of the gem. A diamond or a ruby in the hand is worth its value always. But it brings more profit in the bracelet, the breastpin, or the ring. There are apples of gold in pictures of silver; and no doubt the "pearl of great price" was enhanced in value when it became the chief ornament of a queen's diadem. Young girls are beautiful and lovable as pictures are. We can dream of them as we do of a landscape, or a sunrise, a flower, or a shell which murmurs to us of the sighing surf. We can not help loving them; we can not forget their environments. Each one is suggestive to us of something, good or bad.

Can there be a more attractive setting for this gem—this young girl with the foreshadowings of motherhood deepening the blue depths of her eyes—than a home life, quiet, gentle, helpful to her mother and brothers; being in all things the little wife in embryo, as it were; learning, and practicing the household duties which will come to her some day, if God ordains it so? She can never be so sweet in the ball-room as in the pantry. Her stripped shoulders and powdered neck are not so tempting to a man as are the dimpled arms that beat the eggs to a froth, and stir the mixture for the pudding. It need not cost him much to see the soubrette, or the amazons in the comic opera—most men have tired of such things—but no money in the world can buy the sight of one he loves engaged in household duties. The touch of her hand, the breath of her lips upon his cheek, is too precious to be paid for. He can buy the theater; the wife is beyond price—unpurchasable.

Yet girls mostly marry some one "from a distance." They "visit" and are chronicled in local papers as "vivacious," which every one understands as but another term for "fast." Most of them seem to consider this attribute a compliment, but usually when the reporter's conscience—and a very elastic conscience is that of a reporter—rebels at calling a young woman "beautiful" or "accomplished," she is spoken of as "vivacious." If she were really "beautiful and accomplished" she would not need to go away from home on husband-hunting excursions. There is usually a possible husband within a stone's throw of her dwelling; one who knows her as well as man can ever know woman before marriage, who has gone to school with her in childhood

and has watched every stage of her development, from the chrysalis—shall I say into the butterfly? The good traits of her are not lost on him, nor are her defects.

I am not an advocate of the Holland system, which harnesses a woman and a dog to the same cart and makes them pull the load to market while the lord and master of both sits on the seat, his pipe alight, and drives them. But I do believe in the eternal destiny of woman to be the housewife, while man should be the soldier and the winner of her bread. For her defense and protection does he live, in such cause should he gladly die. But she should be priestess of the home, administering all the solemn sacraments of domestic life. It is hers to make the roof tree blossom like Aaron's rod, and send her smile to make the ruddy hearthstone brighter than its blazing fagots were. The home is woman's highest sphere, the husband's heart her throne, the children are her jewels and her crown of glory. With the touch of her hand she can heal every wound, and with the sound of her voice can conjure spirits of delight. Most blessed of all creatures is the housemother, receiving most of all the world's content because she gives most pleasure to the world.

"I am content within myself," says Vishnu, "because I am the source of all joy and the eternal fountain of all love. Whosoever rejoiceth partaketh of my bounty, and the one who loveth, though he know it not, hath made himself a part of me. Though there be many gods yet there is but one spirit in all nature, and that spirit is my breath."

In such relation to all real life and progress stands the woman who is wife and mother. Her breath is the life of the world, her nature is the leaven which sweetens all humanity. The sentiment and inspiration of the Christian church is more embodied in the immaculate Madonna than in the meek and lowly Son. The one gave to the world divine teachings; the other a human model of the sweet and gentle mother. "Mary, the mother of Jesus!" How the phrase lingers on the lips, and dies away in the memory of the soul like the sweet savor of pure incense rising up in smoke to heaven! Gentle one, whose blood gave nourishment to the Son of God, whose heart was broken when the cross was lifted up, whose soul rejoiced before the empty sepulcher, thou hast been the beauty and glory of the Christian era, the dream of poets, the meditation of philosophers. World mother—mother of us all—all hail to thee! The skeptic may snarl his growling doubts, the atheist may deny that you have ever lived, but all the sweetness and the light which makes the world so much in touch with heaven would be wanting were it not for faith in you. Burn all the dry scholasticism of the

learned men, cast all the dissertations on the devil into outer darkness, leave us only the uplifted cross and the soft light from your tearful eyes, and there shall be no faltering, no falling from the faith!

Young girls do not think so much of this grace of motherhood as men do. And, strange to say, the Jew selects his wife, more than the Christian or the Turk, with forethought of her as mother and the ruler of his home. Ages of persecution, perhaps, have made him more dependent on his olive branches for protection, and love the olive tree which bore them. But among all people the senses of men in these modern days have been surfeited with wickedness, and their minds turn more and more to the home and its inhabitants. Especially is this so in these United States. A home-making, a home-loving people we are. In the valleys between blue mountains the little hut is reared, and on broad-breasted plains the house goes up whose occupants will make the wilderness to blossom as the rose. There is a home for every one who will seek it and labor for it, and there should be a wife for every home.

But the demon of unrest seems to be abroad in the land, especially among our young women, and our "strong-minded" old ones. Asmodeus is crippled, it is true, yet he travels the world over, and lingers at each stopping place long enough to poison all the sweet waters of its fountains. The spirit of doubt, of cynicism, of disquietude, he makes the sweet content, the gentle home life of the olden days, die like a fading dream before his touch. It is his delight to make dusty the springs of human happiness, to unroof the wickedness of earth that heaven may shudder at it; to lay bare the leprosy of life, and grin in its beholding.

We do not wish that; we do not seek the disagreeable. Let us rather prevent than cure the ills that we are heir to. Very rarely is it well to expose the shame and degradation of the world. Best let it be unknown. The sweetness, the gentleness, the tenderness of life, let us cultivate and nourish. There is so much of good, of self-sacrifice, of real heroism in the lives of women that the mere contemplation of their virtues will make better, stronger, purer, nobler, every man who meditates upon them. In silent thought we should contemplate ideals, in visions we should dream of them, and seek them in daily life unceasingly.

Is "the girl who visits" an ideal? Is there about her that aroma of home which makes the name of wife so sweet and so suggestive? Is the chasing of husbands and the hunting down of lovers at all compatible with that sweet decorum which should

be the chief attraction of a maid? It does not seem so to me, and I notice that the girls whose names are oftenest in the papers are the last to marry and the first to be divorced. The doings of a young girl should be as delicate as the odor of a locust bloom. She is nothing to the great world, but all the world to her lover. She and her lover may exchange their confidences; what is that to you and me? Let her love, as her destiny demands; let her be true to her lover—not man nor devil nor angel can object. She has a right to love and it is her nature to, but she “visits.”

The country paper will chronicle that “Miss Pootsie Wootsie is visiting Miss Namby Pamby,” as if it were a change in the English Cabinet. And then we read how Miss Namby Pamby is visiting Miss Pootsie Wootsie. And we see the names of the two young women bandied about from one newspaper to another, until we learn to expect them at least once a week and to look for them with a deep disgust, as one looks for the reminiscence of a nightmare after he has eaten again of some amateur cook’s pie crust. But the two young misses put away every copy of the sheet containing the important fact that they are “visiting” each other, and preserve it as religiously as if it were a screed by which each could read her “title clear to mansions in the skies.” The “functions” she attends, the “howling successes” she takes part in, when duly chronicled, becomes to each more blessed than the dew of Hermon, or the precious ointment that was poured on Aaron’s head and ran down upon his beard. And the world moves on just as if there were no “functions” or “howling successes” or “pink teas” or Pootsie Wootsies on its surface. Eternity cares nothing for such matters, though men cut their throats about them and the coroner’s jury most solemnly declares the death of the deceased due to a failure of the heart.

It is possible that the death was due to failure of the heart. The expense attaching to the visiting habit has made many a poor father’s heart fail in its functions. His daughter is not a help but a drawback to him. He must provide her with fine raiment and money for expenses on her visit. He must prepare to keep open house to every youngster in the land when the visit is returned. There is a round of gaiety, first at one house then at the other, which keeps up all the year. Late hours and lounging lovers make life hideous to the old man who seeks peace and sweet seclusion. The thumping on pianos and the screeching at some half learned song disturbs his rest and makes him wish all music and its teachers deep in Hades. He is glad when his daughter is gone, and sorry when her “friend” comes to visit her. Being a father he must thrust his neck into the yoke.

Daughters in the old times were not burdens. It was a solace to the father for the cares of life, when they came and sat upon his knee and put their soft, round arms about his neck and covered all his face with little kisses, which he laughed at lovingly. With gentle thoughtfulness and premonition of his wants they were his ministers—sweet ministers as angels are. In every little detail of the house they were at home as much as was the mother. Housewives they were, these maidens, chaste and pure and sweet. Shall there be lacking to this sturdy race a long succession of such maids? If so the race must suffer from their absence, for from such maids the true wives come, and from the true wife springs the noble son.

All this unrest in life is horrible. The soft sweep of the sunlight makes fruitage in the meadow and the orchard; the fitful wind destroys, but builds not when it comes again. The mountain rests crowned with its sighing cedars; the sea swallows up the mariner and his ship with lips afoam and passionate. Never do the billows stay themselves; never do the mountains move. The great desert of the salt sea laps languidly in calms, and makes itself terrific when the storm arises. But the mountains stand—God's monuments, more lasting than the Pyramids—and give their shelter to the loving heart, the tender soul, the one who seeks for solitude.

There is no anchor in this world so sure, so safe, as womanhood; there is no bond so strong, so tender, so unbreakable as that the true wife weaves about her husband's heart with gentle kindness. Firm as the mountain she stands, pointing us to heaven while the sea rages. The blue of the violet is in her eyes, the white of the dogwood bloom is on her soul, and the warm pink of the redbud makes her heart an eternal springtime to the man she loves. Like the mistletoe upon the oak, she makes green the winter of our discontent, and like the aroma of locust blooms in spring she makes more redolent the sweetness of life. Still, quiet, and serene, she shows us much of heaven in her smile, and in her little tendances betrays the nature of an angel and a minister of grace. Like a fixed star, we take our bearings from her, while the planets shift uneasily across the heavens.

But, into the sweet twilight of this love, the visiting girl obtrudes. While one contemplates the evening star, she comes upon him like a hurdy-gurdy. She is noted in the papers as "vivacious," and must act her part. He would rather dream of one who spoke little with her lips and said volumes with her eyes. He is retrospective, maybe a little melancholy. The girl who visits jars upon his finer nature. This vivacious girl,

who to an old man becomes so unbeautiful, excites the contempt of the young man whom she seeks to win. The young fellows are not all fools, and they understand why a young girl must go away from home to hunt a husband, just as well as they know the arts and tricks of a misfit clothing store which establishes branches in the country towns. They learn the finances of her parents; they are willing to take her with her dowry—mainly because they are too well known at home to hope for success if they sought the best young ladies of their town—and the young girl marries “a gentleman from a distance,” with great eclat, and much puffing in the local papers as to his immense wealth and high social position. After which she supports him by keeping boarders.

This is not the old way; and, without being a pessimist, I may say that the old way is the best way. There is something very attractive to man in the figure of the housewife. In the German land the woman ruled; in this era of Anglo-Saxon domination let her rule again. But not the visiting girl. She may be a central figure at “hops” and a noticeable one at fairs, but as wife and mother to our children, “Good Lord, deliver us!” Among the old Germans, when Cæsar attacked them, the woman was the counselor and the adviser. We have that blood in us. It is good blood, the blood of barbarians who were always ready to die for the hearthstone and the Fatherland. Out of their forests they came to meet the Romans, and never was such a fight made before. Stubborn, stern and determined they faced the cohorts of the enemy and checked them. Let us face the position of to-day and see if we can capture it. It is not impregnable, and right is not upon its side.

Fathers, keep these girls at home! They do not know what you know, they are really not so wicked as you are, but men talk about them, and they talk about each other. Let them hunt eggs and set hens; it will be better for them. The girl with the attributes of a true wife does not need to “visit,” she can stay at home and find a husband worthy of her. There was never a daisy which staid in its place but what the sunlight came to kiss it; no violet was ever known but that the blue sky smiled upon it. A maid is sweeter than the daisy and the violet; more blessed than the rose; her breath to man is as the breeze which passes Paradise upon its course and scents his soul. Let her not visit but await.

J. Soule Smith.

IN SHADOW.

I GATHER my poems out of the heart of the clover,
Out of the wayside weeds, out of the meadows about me ;
In gleams from the dewdrop's soul—from wings of birds shaken
downward.

Poems the night-rain brings shot thro' the beeches incessant ;
Poems the grasshopper sings, beating his noonday tabor.
The gossamer web is a rhyme blown from deep valleys of quiet—
A rondeau that turns on itself, folded in shimmering garments ;
And, when the whirling flakes are tangled at dusk in the
thickets,
The voice of song outcries in the bleat of lambs on the hillside.

All things sing to me—cry ; laughter or tears or music.
The storm hath its rhythmical beat, the day its musical cadence ;
Ever an ebb or a flow ; a flame or a mournful nightfall.
A rivulet bearded with moss to me is Theocritus singing ;
A violet bursting in spring fills me with exquisite music ;
A child's voice heard in the dusk shakes me with infinite pathos.
The flash of the daybreak's sword, the march of the midnight
planets,
The sweep of the mighty winds, the shout of the prophet-voiced
thunder,
Throb in my soul like a rain, and shape themselves into measure.

Why ? Ask of God ; He knows. Profit to me there is little—
Scorn sometimes and hunger. These are the wages of singing ;
Surely I know who have sat with poverty in her night robe.
The songs of the poet avail when the multitude pauses to listen,
But sparrow calls dropt on the wind are they to an age that
hears not ;
Yet like a rain, a flame, a gush of music curved downward,
They leap from out fountains of joy and flow into rhythmical
being—

Passionate blossoms of hope that glow within gardens ideal ;
And I, who sing, in my soul am lulled into infinite quiet.

Charles J. O'Malley.

AT THE COLUMBIAN.

BY this time the opening of the great Columbian Exposition has become a matter of history. That noble army of martyrs, yclept newspaper correspondents, have said all that they deem necessary to be said concerning it, and have in a great majority of cases turned their attention to giving points as to how the Fair should be managed. Some of the foreign correspondents have been especially fluent with censure, as well as advice, even going so far as to wonder at the presumption of the Americans in inviting Europeans to visit their Fair. These disgruntled individuals are usually very small fry, however, and the listener to their complaints is strongly tempted to ask them why they do not return to their native shores, since America can get on admirably without them. But the representatives of the leading papers in Europe have had only just and kind things to say in regard to the Fair. The correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* declares that his vocabulary must be enlarged in order that he may be able to express himself fully, and he affirms that the most peculiar feature of the Columbian is the manner in which it surpasses everything ever attempted of the kind.

Nothing is easier than to find fault. A nonentity can attract attention in that way more readily than in any other, and presumably that is the reason so many of the class are making themselves busy in saying disagreeable things about the Fair.

That some of the exhibits are as yet incomplete is true. But it is equally true that there is a great deal more to be seen at present than any sight-seer will have time to observe.

There is only one thing that is open to the most severe animadversions and that is the weather. We have had wind and rain given *ad nauseam*. But the most unblushing critic can not attribute this to the inefficiency of the Board of Managers. They would be glad to propitiate the clerk of the weather if possible and have a better assortment of days.

Although so much has been written of the opening day, it is impossible to speak of a thousandth part of both the amusing and pathetic incidents that occurred. The writer had the privilege of entering the grounds that morning with representatives of the oldest families in the country. We have learned in America to venerate ancestral antiquity. The older and more decayed the family, the more admirable it is. This is the reason we love to see our American girls give themselves and their fathers' dollars to disreputable European *roues*.

This is the reason we allow pretentious snobs like Ward McAllister, of New York City, to make us ridiculous in the sight of gods and men, and have given cause for the remark of a certain foreigner who had visited New York, who said: "They have no society in the United States; they have only a circus."

But the members of the old families who entered the grounds that morning have always lived West. They have never been in the social swim. There were about one hundred of them, counting men and women. They were strikingly dressed in gay colored blankets, leggins and moccasins, and had their faces bedaubed with streaks of red and yellow paint. They came in single file, following each other silently, with impassive, expressionless faces that revealed nothing of what passed in their minds. These Indians—for Indians they were—were conducted to a place in the Administration Building where they could overlook the grounds and see the ceremonies.

It is needless to point the moral. Any one can see for himself the significance of the situation. Here were the original owners of the soil being permitted to witness the self-congratulations of the usurpers of their country. Those silent, stoical red men, standing motionless against the white walls of the splendid edifice, could not have been entirely insensible to the irony of the occasion.

The cold, raw air, the chilling wind and the mud, were all execrable, but they were forgotten at the supreme moment when President Cleveland touched the bell and the Fair was opened. It was like the bursting into blossom of some immense flower that unfolded its petals in one instant. It was magical; it was thrilling; it was worth any amount of expenditure of time and labor to witness. Up went the flags. In a moment they were fluttering from every building. The band at the back of the speaker's stand played, "My Country 'tis of Thee," and the trained chorus took up the song, and in a minute everybody that could sing—and a good many who could not—joined with them. Such a volume of sound as went up. Some of the people cried while others laughed. A little woman standing in the front row of people near the stand tried to cry and sing at the same time, but finally broke down and sobbed out:

"Oh, I am so glad I'm an American, I don't know what to do!"

And she expressed a feeling that was very prevalent at that moment.

That magnificent concourse of people standing in the midst of the white edifices of the City of Magic was one of the most splendid and impressive spectacle ever witnessed. Any one who

could look on it unmoved had no soul. Any one who could gaze and come away only to cavil and find fault is beneath contempt. Since that opening day, things have not gone on without some jarring. The Board of Lady Managers have disagreed and wept publicly. The piano men have had each other by the throat and Paderewski has played the piano and run away home across the waters, declaring the Chicago newspapers to be the very naughtiest of their kind. Meanwhile many people have gone to the Fair. But the tourist is in only budding at present. He will blossom out during June, while late summer and autumn will see the glorious fruitage of his early promise.

Here is an elderly man taking in the sights with the assistance of his wife. He is full of that silly pomposity of opinion that comes from narrow views and he feels able to instruct any one concerning things of which he, himself, knows little or nothing. His wife (poor soul) he has always with him, and she is forced to be the audience he can obtain nowhere else. She is a plain, common sense person, who has been reading about the Fair for months, and has quite correct ideas of things in general. But as they pause before the different exhibits, he delights himself and bores her by pouring forth information and ideas—or what he is pleased to consider ideas—in a never ceasing stream of words. She listens with a resigned expression. Long endurance has somewhat dulled the torture. But the observer looks upon them and remembers that somebody once said :

“One of the profoundest secrets in the world is a wife's real opinion of her husband.”

In direct contrast to them is an eager, bright-faced young man, with his new wife on his arm. He is interested, he is ardent, he is enthusiastic. The color comes to his face and the light to his eyes as he points out things that attract him. The lack of responsiveness in his pretty doll makes him vaguely uneasy, though he has not yet learned she is only a mechanical toy that can open and shut her eyes and speak words without understanding the meaning of them. He will know all this very soon. And then he will wish he could throw his toy away but he will be obliged to keep her. By and by time will wash all the pretty color from her face and take the gloss off her hair. There will be no soul beauty to take their place and the man will be left with a figure that has become a death's head to him.

But in a hundred years none of these things will matter.

There is a dearth of the small boy at the Fair. In fact, he is conspicuous by his absence. Now and then a family group is

seen, but children are decidedly in the minority. And, by the way, women members of the Board of Managers did a very sensible, as well as humane thing, in providing the Children's Building. In the beginning no one considered it a practicable thing. But there was one woman interested in it who did not believe in failure, and this was Mrs. George L. Dunlap. Her idea in regard to the matter was an educational one, and the taking care of children while the mothers were enjoying the Fair was to be an incidental thing. But the public has taken most kindly to the latter plan. The *creche* is a place where children can be left during the day. Only about one hundred children can be cared for at a time. The room is situated on the ground floor, and is light and airy and well adapted to the purpose for which it is used. On the second floor is the Kindergarten, as well as the Kitchen Garden, the latter of which will be under the supervision of the founder of the system, Miss Emily Huntington Miller, of New York City. There will also be a Cooking School, the Ramona Indian School, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, that Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson founded; a library, a school of methods for teaching speech to deaf mutes and a room devoted to physical culture.

In the assembly-room a continuous course of lectures will be given on the best systems of dress, food and general education of children. In the audience-room there will be entertainments, both musical and literary, for the benefit of the children of all ages, while upon the roof is a beautiful playground for the little ones. There are vines and flowers planted in profusion, and a strong netting of wire is placed about the whole to prevent any child from tumbling to the ground below. A collection of toys is made of all nations, ranging from the rudest, most primitive manufacture to the wonderful mechanical toys of Paris.

It has not been an easy matter to collect the money for this building. Contributions from all over the land have been sent in, but they come slowly. The Friday Club of Chicago held a bazar and contributed about forty thousand dollars, while many private donations have been made.

The edifice is near the Woman's Building, and is very prettily decorated, the chief color being light blue. There are sixteen medallions of children in their national dress, that are very interesting.

At present, the most popular place is the Horticultural Building. It is warm and delightful and full of the perfume of flowers. In the tall palms, and among the clustering vines, an occasional sparrow twitters. He seems to be intoxicated by the beauty and profusion of foliage. It is a matter of conjecture

what he tells his mates outside when he rejoins them. He must seem to be a feathered Sindbad the Sailor, or Baron Munchausen with his wonderful stories of beauty and odor and balmy climate.

The California exhibit of oranges is tantalizing in the extreme. Great heaps of these "golden apples of the Hesperides" are seen on every hand, and are arranged in all possible ways. The exhibitors gave away bunches of orange blossoms till the demand became too great for the supply.

In the Galveston, Texas, exhibit the women are distributing cape jessamines gratuitously, much to the annoyance of the regular florists who look on these displays of generosity as money out of their own pockets.

A practical man whose mind is a warehouse of figures and to whom statistics are joys forever asks the following pertinent question:

"How are the people fed on the grounds?"

A man is always interested in his dinner.

"You can do without love: what is passion but pining?"

But where is the man that can do without dining?"

The matter of eating on the grounds is involved in difficulty. Of course, lunch is all that is expected, and that must be paid for. Indeed, the bill often seems larger than the lunch. Then the waiters are intensely autocratic, beside having a noble disregard of the value of time. Not infrequently the struggler for something to eat can not spare the required number of hours of waiting and goes away hungry. A large number of visitors carry their own provisions. This method has its drawbacks. It is inconvenient to carry about a package all the morning, and it usually meets with an accident before eating time comes. Generally the parcel is sat upon and the contents are reduced to a mass of chaotic interminglings that is anything but appetizing. Then there are other features attendant that are disagreeable. For instance, the would-be devourer hies her away to a sequestered spot in the Horticultural Building. There are no real seats, but she takes her position half way up one of the short flights of stairs leading to the gallery. It is a rather out of the way place, and she fancies she will eat her luncheon undetected. It is a very commonplace, prosaic lunch of cold ham, pie, cheese, etcetera, and presents a smeary appearance when it is opened to the light of day. The cheese and the ham have evidently been on too intimate terms, and the pie has been wasting its sweetness on the bread and butter. But these things must be overlooked. The greasy-looking brown paper is spread across the lap, the solitary pickle is prodded out of the jelly cake

with a hair-pin, and the lunch begins. The guilty "luncher" feels that this is an act to be ashamed of, and therefore it must be performed with haste. So the edibles are disappearing with more celerity than grace. Suddenly the sound of a voice falls upon her ear. She starts, she looks and sees—a masculine form at the foot of the stairs. It is a man of elegant manners who claims to have acute sensibilities. He is on the staff of a hypercritical, super-refined literary journal, for which he writes beautiful screeds about things æsthetic. It was only a day or two ago that she remembers having heard him say he agreed with Lord Byron when he expressed himself as being averse to the thought of a woman eating in public.

And now he stands with his monocle raised to his eye, gazing with surprised interrogation at her wrestling with that most unpicturesque lunch. She is just in the act of raising a triangular piece of pie to her mouth. There are crumbs upon her nose. The greasy brown paper is quite *en evidence*. The remains of the ham have fallen at her feet and lie in a miserable, sodden heap of wretchedness. She is conscious of all these details, and knows that he is also aware of them. He can only bow and walk on, and the curtain falls.

Moral: Never have an appetite. It is vulgar.

Angele Crippen.

THE MOON-FLOWER.

THE moon-flower waits—unheeding warmth of sun,
 Withholds consent until the day is done;
 Her swelling heart then touched by tenderer light
 She slow unfurls her white wings to the night
 And pours a flood of richest incense out
 On youth and love—desiring and devout
 Who see their future with bright promise blessed—
 Hope's trembling star upon her virgin breast!

Alice S. Deletombe.

THE BEAST THAT BOUGHT ME.

AND you would have me put posterity to blush with recount o' my roguery? Since you will, here's to your patient hearing, but should you ever need like cunning, your wits may serve you better than my example; men have no time for recollection when circumstances press.

You know how the Irish rebels trampled the tail o' the old century. Shame, sir, but methinks the Christians had not been such heathens since bloody Bartholomew! I'd 'ave died for my father that was piked and tossed in a gravel pit to rot; I'd 'ave died for my mother that they bound and burned in her bed; but when it came to dying for a king that I hadn't the honor to know, and a God that had turned his back—well, my sentiment all took to my heels in those days, so I gave my country the chance to live without me and little I brought away save the love o' a laugh and the musical roll o' my tongue.

You know the *whys*, I'll spare my breath on the *hows*. The hay-loft o' an Ennisco'thy rebel sheltered the first night o' my orphanage and I was that sick o' trouble that had not my brain been drunk with sleep, I'd 'ave dreamed o' the time when the sky swapped compliments with the bloom o' my new-mown bed. As 'twas, when the clanking o' chains smote my carnage tuned ear, I started, to see through the open gable end the sharp disk o' the sun cut the blood stained horizon and cleanly rise—a soul set free from bodily decay!

"Come, come," said a man in the stable below; "quit ye yawning and yoke the bulls while I whisk the pony to the cart! We've no time to lose to-day!"

"There's no need o' a hurry, fayther," yawned the sleepy lout. "They'll no' do their own like harm."

"Och, don't be arguing," stormed the man. "Little it recks an they be left to bray o' accidents when we're turned crackling; gear up, I say. By the saints, I've a mind to view the fire from t'other side o' the Slaney."

"And you'll have the company o' your betters 'cross the ford," resolved I, through the chink, "profit you as it may!" Ay, sir, they did too, for when they turned to fetch the women for the flight, I swung from my place in the loft and crept 'neath the awning o' the plunder filled wagon, and not only disposed o' my whip-tailed body to advantage, but breakfasted from a box o' victuals near by. Sure, and 'twas stuffy quarters for a fair June day, but I thanked the Providence that had left me to the

ox and the boy instead o' wiser heads, and as the waters o' the river trickled cool from the wheels, I turned the waters o' hope a-sizzling on my throttle and closed my eyes to hide the narrow view.

We were some miles on the road to Wexford when the cart came to a stand and the boy called the man ahead :

"Hist, fayther, hist ! Be spooks abroad by light o' day ?"

"An they were," answered the man, "they'd step aside for fools. What be ye after now ?"

"Sure, fayther," whined the lad, "but I've heard strange noises these three times and when I look I see not man, ner beast, ner any living thing."

"Och, Dennis, don't be after scolding the child," pleaded his mother ; "mayhaps the spirits o' old friends are with us even now !"

And though I could not see, I knew they bowed and crossed themselves for the repose o' fleeing souls. Fact was, I had grown as dry as Ishmael with the day and came near being betrayed through fits o' coughing, so I made convenience o' the first green hedge to wink good-bye to such dry company.

As I raised my head from the waters o' a meadow ditch, the coppery smoke that dimmed the western sky was the last I ever saw o' Ennisco'thy !

I *lied* my way to Wexford. And do you start ? I knew no code o' ethics then, and for truth, 'twas somewhat satisfactory to use the devil's fire to light my pipe (an you understand such profanity). Had I not *lied*, I had not lived to cuddle on the old sea wall that soft June night.

To long accustomed eyes my dusty figure seemed a patch o' pewits in the gloaming, and I lay upon my back that calm o' night might sink into my breast. The moonlight shown upon the bay like the golden ripples o' a woman's head upon her pillow, and the little waves, all lover like, toyed with the loose-blown strands. A wretch benumbed, I gazed across the water for a sail, much as a man counts sheep o'er fence to bring him sleep. Ere long, I saw just faintly fan the bay what seemed to me the beckoning wing o' the dove o' peace ! You've guessed, I see. 'Twas a trader making straight for Wexford docks and my own heart thumped me off the wall to meet her. Like a hated toad, I leapt from one dank shadow to another afraid to break the light nap o' a dog. 'Twas to wakes and the gruesome tales o' war that I owed my secret stowing, for I tell you, land legs are clumsy things when it comes to scaling the tarry side o' a ship with the help o' a greasy rope. Sure, and I must have ta'en all that trouble to find the hold that I

might have a quiet place for thinking how to get out again. What with stifling and the pleading o' my stomach to my head, I made a bold break for deck next day, past the jeers and the tar daubs o' the sailors, to fall exhausted at the captain's feet. Shame, but his heart was all out o' proportion with his other vitals, for he'd grudge a dog a bone while scratching his nose with his vest buttons; and though his career had been as conquered as his face, he'd no more sympathy with misfortune than the old sow has for the pigs she eats.

It may be that I rudely disturbed his sun-mixed meditation, for though he eyed me calmly he raised his pudding foot as if to give me to the sea. Right here, a light shown in his eye like a far off star behind a mist and methought a kindly spark had risen from the deep stirred ashes o' his heart; by and by, you'll know what 'twas that lit his eye. As he regained his stand he spat upon the floor and viewed me from the corner o' his eye.

"And you've left the rotten ship to gnaw into the granaries o' others, you dirty rat!" snarled he. "I've a mind to add another to Davy Jones' locker. Get to the galley and find a task at platter washing, you whining wench!"

Faith, 'twas for my stomach's sake that I did his bidding with a mighty zest. But I soon found friends in the fore-castle. Let me tell you here, all sailor's hearts are not so sea seared as their faces. Those wild rude melodies that woke the midnight sea are flowers that bloom above the dead leaves o' the past!

* * * * *

With touching here and there 'twas autumn ere we reached America.

The distant woods along the Delaware shone like a bright mosaic wedge 'twixt earth and sky; the sweet mouthed forest sang o' liberty, the waters caught the tune o' freedom's hymn and rolled a mighty anthem to the sea! The sun rose on us in the Philadelphia docks. All that bright morn I tingled with the frost and madly danced, a human-puppet pulled by nature's string! As I kicked my cap to my head and spun fore on my bare heel, I beheld a high hatted, solemn visaged gentleman eyeing me with pity for my wickedness and admiration for my misdirected muscle.

"A fine lad," said he, solemnly to the captain, "an his head keeps not pace with his heels."

"I warrant no Irish brat," was the grudgeful reply. "The old Isle is that sick at her stomach she pukes 'em up by the hundreds. He boarded me, his pockets as empty as his belly, but leave me to teach him the ropes!" and he chuckled o'er his cruel might. I know not what unseen intercessor moved the man to wish aloud that he had such a lad about the farm.

"An yer'll pay his passage, yer' welcome to him," said the captain with a greedy grunt. "He has no luggage wherewith to trouble yer."

"For truth?" said the man delightedly. "Nay, but I have not the ready money to spare; but" said he, hesitating for the propriety, "dost see the young ass tied to the rack at the turn o' the river's bank? I brought it to market to-day, but thee 'st as leave, I'll give it thee for the boy and be off with him."

"Humph!" said the captain, balancing the trade in his mind, "'tis but fair that one ass goeth for another. Come, let's see which be the better beast o' the two."

And, with that, I was tossed in one side o' the cradle o' liberty, and out t' tother without so much as the liberty o' a good-bye to the boys!

* * * * *

Have you ever watched the day a-giving old Radnor to the night? 'Tis as a mother wraps her loved one in bright folds and lays it in the dusky arms o' the nurse!

As we jogged down the stone-hedged lane and drew up at the barn, the smell o' the pumpkins and the pigs in the pen were that home-like, that I cried aloud to my spirit that was winging its way back over the sea.

The Dutch lay mighty stress upon their barns as well you know, and as I husked the corn for the cow's evening meal, I wondered if the horn of plenty had not upset in the racks; and, as later on, I washed my face in the tin basin on the back porch and polished myself with the towel that rolled above, the incense from supper a-cooking in the kitchen would have turned the head o' the Pope on a fast day! Strange, I recall not at all the taste o' it. Embarrassment often afflicts the tongue while leaving the nostrils free.

I was not pressed into domestic service the first night, but quietly left in the dining-room for the collection o' my wits. My bare feet dangled from the chimney-seat and I twirled my cap for diversion. Opposite sat Harry, grinning fellowship and spoiling the figures on his slate, while blue-eyed Mary, trim and saintly, sat in her little chair just in front o' the fire. Of a sudden she ceased thumbing her brand new primer and gazed compassionately upon me.

"How old art thee, Timothy Tooke?" asked she, most gravely.

"My mother put fourteen plums in my last birthday pudding, one for each year," said I.

"Then," said Harry, "thee art mine own age, and Mary is just seven, which makes her half as old."

"Methinks she has greatly the advantage o' us," said I, "for when we are one hundred and ready to drop into the grave, she'll be but the comfortable age o' fifty." Whereat Master Harry laughed so loudly and so unmannerly criticised my arithmetic that his mother stuck her head in the door for reproof.

"Canst thee not read?" asked Mary sorrowfully.

"Nay, little lady," said I, "but had I your brother's chance he could not boast above me!"

"Thee shall have it!" cried she. "Thee shall learn from my new book! 'Tis a good book 'cause it came across the mighty sea."

"I'm glad you have a good opinion o' things that cross the sea," said I. "I came that way myself."

Placing her slim white finger on the big red letter at the top o' the page she said: "Now this is A, and surely thee must know this animal it stands for just across."

"Begorrah!" said I, "and 'tis none other than the beast that bought me!"

With this, Master Harry must roll off his seat and under the table in fits o' laughter which goes to prove that Quakers are not born but made. For ungodly conduct, we were ordered to bed, he and Mary to their rooms upstairs, and I to the little room on stilts above the springhouse.

The early morning, my master, Thomas Hacker by name, came to instruct me in my daily tasks, and here comes the epilogue.

"Timothy Tooke, I would have thee understand thy station. I took thee part for need but much for mercy from thine owner, for 'tis not in my religion to hold a slave. When thou hast earned thy passage, which I paid, if thee lik'st us not thou art free to go thy way."

Tears o' gratitude flushed my eyes and eloquence tickled my tongue.

"O, good sir, I swear—" began I, but my sentence remains unfinished to this day. With stern disapprobation full upon me, said he, "Let thy converse be yea and nay!" and stalked majestically away.

Should you ever be called upon to make a Quaker, pray use something else but an Irishman for a lining. Why, at the bare hint o' an adventure I was for turning myself inside out, much to the misery o' my master. And for the life o' me I could not help strolling past the cross roads meeting-house to old St. David's, where I could lie on the wall in the shade o' the trees and enjoy the scraps o' sermon that floated through the open

window as I slapped at the flies with my cap. And though I was suspected o' leading Hal astray the day we ran away to play Paoli with the boys, his generosity proved my innocence and peace reigned paramount once more.

Have you ever felt impelled to *join* something? Faith, it comes in the life o' every man and methinks 'tis but the honest craving for fellowship. It seems to me that the very trees were banded together in defense o' the land they loved, and so when I would have enrolled in the militia and my master forbade, I fretted as any restless steed beneath the bit. Still, for the sake o' others, I followed the plow o' peace and turned many a Latin sonnet as I turned the perfumed furrow, for I'd been no sluggard in the winter schools.

Had it not been for the burial o' Wayne my life might have been as the ebb and flow o' a sluggish sea! 'Twas a brave hand that brought that bag o' bones o'er the mountains, and the events o' the day, which threatened to raise St. David's dead, would have stirred a duller soul than mine. 'Twas then the spirit o' true patriotism smote me and I joined the county militia, *regardless!*—and, much as one goose follows another, what should that fond Hal do, spite o' remonstrance, but enlist just after me! Can't you hear the splash o' the boulder o' distrust as it dropped in the stream o' affection that flowed 'twixt me and my master? Ever after he regarded me much as I did the devilish old bell-wether that would let down the fence to the rest o' the flock.

* * * * *

You'll not criticise my looking away? I've little countenance for the coming chapter of my story.

I know not how, but it so transpired, that in the first soft flush o' spring, Mary and I met in the budding uplands alone; and as we knelt to pull the pink arbutus from the matted ferns, my blowzy curls—that would never stay under my cap—touched her brown hair—that was too smooth to hold her bonnet—and the wicked god, Love, that seems ever to dwell 'mid flowers, did so dare me that I kissed her! She started to her feet, but not as a deer scents danger, for I saw beneath her self-condemning lids, that the prayer o' her heart had been answered! So I crept a little closer and kissed the hem o' her garment and said I:

"Mary, this tender bloom within your fragile hand is not more pleasing than your own fair face, and were you but this vine I'd gladly be the dust beneath, to have your tendrils touch me e'er so lightly!"

Now Mary was no sly coquette but stood serene and said in low, true tones:

"I see thee lovest me, Timothy, and I have long thought well o' thee, and if thee findest favor in my father's eyes, I'll be thy loving wife—not else."

Did seem to me that as we, hand in hand, strolled homeward, some demon o' the air had stolen those words "not else" to gibe above, below, to hiss into my ear and shriek from out the forest as he fled!

Now I doubt not that the kindling for this conflagration had been gathered by the hand o' fate from the hour o' our births, yet when the spark let fall did seem to me a most relentless fire, though I acted hastily in rushing to the old man for a bucket o' water wherewith to temper the flames. But you can no more reason with a starving man about the blowing o' his broth than you can help smiling when he howls for his haste.

The house was too small for me that evening so I trod the air outside, and when the flicker o' a single candle told me that the master was alone, I rapped lightly on the sitting-room door. A surprised voice bade me enter. The master sat by a table, his index finger marking his place on the open page, his eyes peering curiously above his glasses. That my courage might have no time for eking I began at once the unburdening o' my soul.

"Mr. Hacker," said I, and the words seemed unhumanly loud, "I come to beg that further extension o' thy fatherly generosity that shall make me thy son indeed."

Now if he had only bouyed me with one word, the situation would have been bearable, but as it was I seemed drowning, sinking never to rise again, in pitiless, fathomless silence! With a mighty effort, as one half conscious breaks a nightmare, I cried imploringly, "Your child has honored me with her love, and 'tis for you to say if she shall bear my name, which God be my witness, shall yet be worthy o' her!"

Ah, my friend, a Quaker's a Quaker and a man's a man! 'Twas as the latter my master arose, transformed by such righteous indignation as makes a king o' a commoner, and trembling, white to the teeth, said he: "Thy *name*! I know not that thee hast a *name* save from thine own perfidious tongue! Thee art more ungrateful than the beast with which I bought thee! Thee hast cast an evil spell upon my house. Thee hast led my son in the ways o' sin and tried to steal my daughter. Get thee forever from my sight and may the wrath o' God attend thee!" and as he pointed to the door that stood ajar, I backed respectfully from his presence with that humility that becomes a sinful man who has dared to love an angel!

Slowly I climbed the steps o' my room above the springhouse and threw together a bundle o' clothes for my wanderings.

This shouldered, I stumbled on to the highway, looking back just once at the little window that the stars were lovingly guarding. As I came to the cross roads I was suddenly accosted by a kindly voice from behind the meeting house. "Hist, Timothy!" it said, "'tis only Hal. Hast thee forgotten David and Jonathan? Take this, and when thee art able, return it," and thrusting a purse o' his hard earnings into my astonished fingers, he took back down the road with such alacrity as paternal ire begets.

I stood transfixed in the moonlight! No matter where I turned my face, I saw only my arid future upon which the finger o' fate had written in great black letters "*pariah, pariah!*" All thought gave way to hot and cold sensations and I know not how I got up the pike, but sure it was—though I redden to tell it—that I turned into the inn and was soon that drunk that I shouldn't have known Mary from the sign o' the Eagle that flapped in the wind outside, bad luck to my unaccustomed head.

By peep o' day, I took to the woods for shame and upon the Conestoga road fell in with some emigrants who were following up a fall prospectus with a spring move. "Sure," thought I, "my guardian angel must have been a teamster in his day, to be ever sending a wagon for the transportation o' my sorrow."

With the help o' Hal's loan, I joined the party to Kentucky. You've read a thousand times o' those trails and their trials. When we struck our clearing on the banks o' the Cumberland 'twas late in the month o' May and nature danced to greet us. As I drew the bar from my batten door and gazed across the dew bespangled scene, methought how well 'twould be if man would pattern more from the God that made him, for even his barriers have their charms. I could not for the life o' me erase reflected gladness. From those fortresses o' rose vines that overhung the river's bank peeped myriad little faces all aglow, each shaming my ungrateful melancholy; and so at last joy and grief sat hand clasped, like meek twin sisters, in my breast. Though sorrow dulled my brain it must have lent a cunning to my hand for, at the end o' three years, I found myself the owner o' good land with a slave or two for the tilling; and though I went by the name o' the "wild Irishman" throughout the settlement, the small town council failed not to ask my advice in affairs o' weight. You'll say I profited little by the fire that burned, when I tell you my early training placed me at the head o' the county militia. Ere long, an order from our governor found me marching after Harrison to—I knew not what! Faith, and he had occasion to thank my strength as we turned up the frozen clods that built Fort Meigs!

'Twas when the British were cutting off Dudley before the general's eyes that I volunteered to warn them o' their fate, and though my boat shot like an arrow from a bow beneath my stroke, 'twas useless!

I'd've given the promotion I suffered, the thousand dollar reward and all the happiness o' later years were there no sadder ending to the siege!

Among the wounded stragglers that 'scaped from brutal Proctor in their boats, was Hal, my foster brother. generous, loving Hal, shot through and through.

You'll pardon me for stopping; there's something in the memory that stifles still!

I held him in my arms, till with his fevered hand he penned a note to those at home, and while my tears rained heavy on his cheek I swore to be its bearer.

'Twas then I made good use o' the reward my useless life had brought; it saved his grave from sacrilege, and afterwards bought a monument that stands to-day like the small white finger o' time uplifted toward eternity!

Sure, and I know not if Pharoah set the world a bad example when he slew the bearer o' evil tidings. At any rate, I trust you may never be unwelcome where sacred duty leads.

'Twas after we'd killed Tecumseh that I left my post and slowly took my way to the home o' my youth. My resolution was that wavering that as I neared the place I left the lawful road and followed the wood path to the very spot where some five years ago Love's archer found me.

The sun shimmered peacefully about the little stone house in the valley, and as I gave the dried lint o' the silk weed to the breeze, I thought I'd sooner be an interminable rest than the fraction o' a discord in a melody. From leaning on my elbow I sat erect, for in the door that looked my way I saw a figure, bonneted and basketed as if on errand bent. Had I been blind the messenger that plies between two hearts that love would have told me o' her coming.

I moved not as she mounted the fence, her garments as gray as the rails 'gainst which she leaned, but when she turned to descend I stepped behind and took her in my idiotic arms. At the sight o' me she gasped and closed her eyes as dead. I bore her to the branch near by, I cursed myself and e'en the God that made me, and just as heartily gave thanks when from the cooling drops she opened her eyes and said: "O, Timothy, is it true?"

"It is, I *swear*, my own sweet love," said I, "and all these ugly years of separation are but a dream!"

"Yes, yes," sighed she, "a dream from which poor Hal shall

know no waking. Thou needst not speak!" she cried, "for though no lips have said it, I know it all. I've had a message from another world!" and so persuaded was she, that the news I bore was no surprise.

"Thou must not tell my father," said she, when I rehearsed the story o' his death; "he's sadly changed since you were here, his mind a wreck, his body wasted thin; let him but go in peace."

After further talk ('tis not for you) I filled her basket with the blooming stuff and parted from her at the old rail fence, promising to linger 'bout the village and take Hal's place as best I could.

One day a servant ran about with news; her master, Thomas Hacker by name, had fallen dead; the letter in his hand, all crumpled and torn, had done it!

I've no right to prate o' the sorrow o' others. We laid him decently away and though he mentioned me not in his will, I'm the proud possessor of his child, his wife, and all his goods and chattel.

They'd like the new State better did the pink arbutus take more kindly to it.

Why do I call our home the "The Jay's Nest?" Well, you see there is so much o' the wisdom o' Solomon that I'm after forgetting part o' it, and these brown headed bairns o' ours be so contentious that they remind me o' naught so much as the old blue jay in the raspberry bushes in the garden, so I honored her with a namesake, as the State did me with this county for my services in war; though I've obstinately pursued peace since the day Tecumseh died. And I've always found it, save when my mother-in-law twits me with want o' religion.

Faith, and I see not why this banner o' blue, unfurled above all men alike, be not a good enough lesson o' charity and love for any man, an he be not as stubborn as the beast that bought me.

Benjamin Avis.





DISCORDANT HARMONY.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS should have a very large mouth to accommodate his remarkable faculty for "putting his foot into it." Throughout a long and very brilliant musical career he has so kept himself and all connected with him in hot water that it has come to be—at least it seems to be—his natural element, just as if he were a fish yearning to be boiled. He casts the notes of his scores into the bubbling caldron as if they were pepper pods, and while they float around his flutists and his harpists and his pianists must needs scald themselves to get them.

Those of us who only know music by the delight we feel in hearing it can not understand the constant jangling of sweet bells out of tune that seems to be in all the atmosphere of a musician's life. It seems to us that there should be some harmony in such a concord of sweet sounds; but there is none. Music is like religion—in itself divine, its worst enemies are its professors; and the man who listens while an orchestra translates in sound the elements of a delicious dream, if he be wise, will not seek further knowledge of the players. If you would enjoy a play don't go behind the scenes. Take the semblance, not the reality—it is better so.

Long ago when some man, now forgotten, tried to introduce the "Passion Play" into this country this writer had a friend who traveled many miles to see it. Being a man of influence he had access to the green room. At one part of the play it was necessary for the actor who personated Christ to go on the stage in a few minutes. He could not be found. The stage manager was in a rage; he stamped and swore, and demanded of the scene shifters to know the whereabouts of the missing man. At last one of them said: "Oh, Christ has just step-

ped down to get a glass of beer, he'll be back on time." The man who heard that was a Christian, though a very weak one. Yet this was more than he could stand. He left the house, and afterwards with tongue and pen did all he could to drive the blasphemy from public view. It vanished.

Now this is much the case with music. If that man had sat in front and seen the meek and lowly actor on the stage, possibly his feelings would not have been shocked. But the reality was more than even wicked human nature could endure. The blasphemy was too horrible for any one to listen to in patience. And the divine element of music, that soul of the combined sounds which brings with its breathings the aroma of heaven, loses its delicacy when you go behind the scenes. You think of the man who makes that melody as you would think of a member of the angels' choir. His notes rise and swell as do the surgings of the sea, they die away as do the zephyrs on the breezy heath when sunset comes. But the man is inferior to his work. When you know him you find a patient, conscientious student of his notes; without fancy, without imagination, who by long practice and close application has learned to do his work expertly, as a bricklayer or a carpenter does. He does not see the spirit of his own music as you see it; he plays his instrument for so much a night, and plays correctly, that is all. Why there should be half notes, and whole notes, in the scale, he does not know and does not care. Why the scale should be "chromatic" he will never tell you. It is so, and he plays by rule. You had best listen to the music and let the man alone.

And there seems, somehow, in musical circles a more defined jealousy than exists elsewhere. Musicians do not love each other. Also the manufacturers of musical instruments do not love each other. Especially is this the case with the people who make pianos. The piano, in itself an instrument of torture worse than the Spanish Inquisition could conceive, has been unquestionably the most disturbing element in modern social life. It is everywhere, and everybody can play upon it. Like the game of whist it is the easiest to learn, and the most difficult to play well. To extract music from it almost requires a chemical process, and there are less than half a dozen people in the world to-day who can extract it. Any half grown child can in a little while be taught to "execute" the most difficult compositions upon its keys. The audience escapes by flight. Otherwise they talk loudly so as not to hear. It is the bane of our civilization in more ways than one. Those who think that they can play on it, and who persuade others that they can,

must needs conclude that they can only use one make of piano. They conclude this after being paid liberally for the conclusion.

Now it happens that one piano is about as bad as another; the worst ones usually paying the most money for their advertising because they have to. But it is nonsense to say that only one kind is fit to play on. Ole Bull could take the cheap fiddle from the beggar's hand and make such melody that passers-by stopped on the street spell-bound. But Mr. Thomas' orchestra at the World's Fair does not contain an "artist" who can play on any piano except it be the make that he is paid to play on. The makers of this piano have concluded that it was cheaper to fee the "artists" than to make an exhibit. The commissioners concluded that manufacturers who made an exhibit should have the preference. So Mr. Thomas is, as usual, between the deep sea and a gentleman noted for his agility with a pitchfork. Whether he enjoys the situation or not is hard to say, but he is as much accustomed to it as eels are to being skinned. His harpists are like his pianists, they can only play on one kind of harp, and that is said to be not like the "harp of a thousand strings" which was composed of "the spirits of just men made perfect." He is surely in a desert place where there is not even the suspicion of a fountain for refreshment. But, though the waters of Marah are very bitter, yet there be some men who like them—maybe he is one.

THE GERMAN CRISIS.

THE young Emperor of Germany has finally precipitated a crisis. It is very probable that he does not know the nature of a crisis, having been so completely accustomed to seeing the "divine right" of the Hohenzollerns yielded to by every one. Even Bismarck—"the man of blood and iron"—was forced, though exhibiting some sulkiness thereat, to bow before the arbitrary will of this stripling with a bauble on his head and fictitious power, born of sentiment only, behind him.

The career of this young man has been a strange one—it may be stranger still before he dies, for he is manifesting a mediæval insanity before a nineteenth century audience. The father of Frederick the Great was himself a lunatic, wont to fling dishes at the heads of wife and children when they sat at table with him. In the whole family of the Hohenzollerns there has never been wanting this trace of madness combined with badness. Not one of them has ever been governed by any moral principle—the motto of the house is "Take all I can, keep all I take."

In the matter of mental unbalance—to be plain, insanity—it has been, with few exceptions, like the house of Guelph, the ruling family of England, of which it has been said that the generations alternate between mad and bad. In fact, the two houses are allied by blood, and it would be difficult—if not impossible—in all history, to find two other families so persistently defiant of all moral restraint.

The virile Goth and the effete Roman, with the assistance of the Greek parasite, and the Egyptian soothsayer, produced both the Guelphs and the Hohenzollerns. The combination of Asia (for the Greek was really of Asia Minor) Africa, Italy and barbarism has been something remarkable but not at all commendable. But of the two branches of the family there has been a different fruit. The Hohenzollerns were grafted on the fierce and warlike Huns—savages, it is true, but brave—the Guelphs partook more of the treacherous Greek and the designing slave from Egypt. One loved rather the mailed hand with the battle-axe clasped in it; the other loved the spear and the methods of the Medici.

But neither of these families ever thought, or cared about the people. And now the people are beginning to think and care about themselves. Somehow there is a stubbornness in the common, red blood of plain people which has elements of strength about it. That kind of blood is shed on battlefields, and the men who have to shed it want to know the reason why. The widows and orphans of those who die, simply to enhance the glory of some stripling, do not understand how they are benefited by the sorrow and the poverty which they must bear. They are willing to give up all for home and Fatherland, but they do not see why the new made grave of husband and father must buy decorations for the prince or kaiser.

Therefore this young man confronts a condition that he does not understand. He is not of the people, and can not know their feelings. The German people are of better blood than he. They are better tempered, milder, gentler, a more home-loving race. They are content with little, and can suffer much with patience. But they have never been slaves to anybody, and it will not bode any good to the one who tries to make slaves of them. Such a man as Bismarck could manage them. He could appeal to their national feelings, and bring the masses to his policy. He was the embodiment of Germany, and when he sounded his bugle call all Germans fell in line—they knew the trumpeter. Against foreign foes they were as one. The old land, the Rhineland with beetling crags and fruitful vines, they were determined to defend. And with their old-time stubborn-

ness they held their own in every fate. They are their own masters, and they begin to know it. The kaiser must go with his people—not against them. Prussia is not all of Germany. All the land is Germany—all the land is Fatherland

“Und es rief der herr von Sachsen,
Der von Baiern, der vorn Rhein :
Graf im Bart, ihr Seid der reichste !
Euer Land tragt Edelstein.”

This youngling may undo what it has taken much time and blood and money to accomplish. He may disrupt a united Germany. Prussia has been since Blucher came to Waterloo the backbone of all union in the German States. But Prussia must not assume too much. The other German States may not consent to be mere provinces. And this little lunatic may find the stolid, but unflinching, Teuton standing in his path. There may be no empire, and no emperor. The German States may copy from our object lesson, and become United States. There is no reason why Germany should be a menace to the whole of Europe as it has been for these many years. There are politicians without office, and there may be emperors without an empire. Let the young man look to his belongings—he does not own the earth.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

WOMAN suffrage is looming up again. Not in its old shape, where only the women themselves, and but few of them, demanded it. It has come now to be a political issue. Inside the Republican party is the league of Republican clubs, which contains the strongest and most progressive element in the party. At their late meeting the subject of woman's suffrage was brought up and practically endorsed. That party has from its birth been a party of advanced thought, and which was radical in all things, conservative in nothing. When it forced the slavery issue upon the people it did so in face of the Supreme Court of the United States and the Constitution itself. Upon that issue it won by vim and energy and stalwartism. The proclamation of its President and the muskets of the Union army freed the negro years before the Constitution or the courts emancipated him. Upon such issues the Republican party has been always strong—on economic questions it is not itself. It must be radical or nothing. There was no mistake in calling it a party of moral ideas. When it ceases to fight for some theory it had as well disband—its usefulness has ended, it is dead.

So to such ideas as prohibition and woman suffrage it readily turns. They are in its line of action, and when it adopts either one or both of them somewhat of its ancient zeal will come back to it. It has had no real platform for a long time. It has lived upon the memories of the war, and the specter of a Rebel brigadier. The great Northwest spoke out so stoutly last November that there never will be any "Solid South" or "Rebel brigadiers" again. It spoke stoutly, but in words of gentleness. It said to the Solid South: "You are as free as I am, and here is my open hand to prove it, and my clenched hand for your enemies should you need it."

That has taken away the grounds of real contention between the two great parties of the country. Nobody is liable to get mad about the tariff, or become embittered at the bounties paid on sugar. We all want a navy and every one of us is ready to fight under "Old Glory" when anybody treads upon the tail of Uncle Sam's coat. But we must have some agitation in our own system lest the blood stagnate and we become effete, and lose our Anglo-Saxon vigor. Some such issue as this would be exciting, and would be as bracing as the ozone from the salt sea atmosphere. There is no longer any politics among us. Let us get up something that we can quarrel over—we are in too good temper with each other. The cross roads grocery is deserted, and the town pump and the tavern lack their groups of local statesmen. Something must be done, or else the politician must become a hermit and take refuge in the wilderness.

But when a great party takes up an idea like this—one that it has always leant toward—then will come some agitation. People laughed at abolitionism, but it won. There is much of the best thought of the land in favor of woman suffrage now. The most of the women do not want it, and all of them are better off without it. But that can not stop the movement. When a party needs an issue it finds one; when it accepts it in all sincerity there is liable to be some fighting in the future. It would be strange, but not impossible, that this one issue should divide the Solid South.

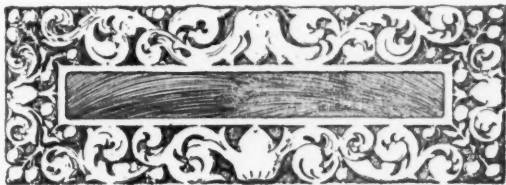
A WORD ABOUT CHARITY.

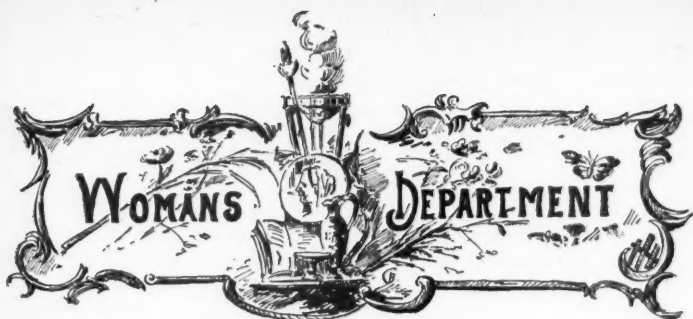
THE sort of things done by these musicians would be called "bribery" if it were done in politics. Yet political life is not considered the cleanest in the world. When we come to consider the surroundings of the average politician it is a wonder

that he is so honest—possibly we might say it is a wonder he is not oftener caught in his stealings. The uncharitable would be quick to accept the latter phrase as the correct one, but it is best not to be uncharitable. Most uncharitable people are as Paul describes them, “sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.” They are the first to accuse and the last to confess, though they may be more guilty than the one they persecute. It is better in our troublous life to give a smile than to give a curse. Curses come home to roost, and the sneer comes back with added bitterness. The smile sweetens all things; the love word is like the locust bloom in spring which gives fragrance to the air.

Lately there has been an era of scandal. Banks have been wrecked, public men have been smirched, reputations lost and families disgraced. The elements even have been unkind. Floods and storms and fires have destroyed lives and property. The minds of men have taken on the fierceness of the elements, as if everything was barbarous. Let us stop to think, let us wait to know, let us not become uncharitable. The world is for us all, and let us be like little children, let us love one another. No discontent can come from perfect love.

And this is written apropos of the World's Fair at Chicago. It and its management have been abused and villified most strenuously. Possibly there was good cause for doing so—perhaps not. It is the most stupendous undertaking of the kind which the world has ever known. It was entrusted to the hands of those who had not fully understood its magnitude, because they lacked experience. But from all accounts they have done fairly well. With the many millions of dollars spent and to be spent there is little talk of any one who made a fortune in the handling of the funds. Let us not judge these people too hastily. They are doing the best they can.





COMPARATIVE VALUES.

A FEW weeks ago the writer was in a station in Chicago, and saw the arrival of a strange and motley crowd of persons. There were probably seventy-five or one hundred men and women altogether, and they had come from Morocco. There were among them tall, fierce "sons of the desert," black and shining as images carved from ebony. There were Turks, half-breeds and mongrel Frenchmen, ranging from copper-color to white. They wore the oriental garb, and they carried implements of warfare, musical instruments and banners. Two or three Frenchmen who knew the language had charge of them, they, in turn, being under the supervision of a shrewd-looking young American who evidently had the commercial instinct largely developed. But the most interesting portion of this crowd was the women, several of them being dancers from a theater in the city of Algiers. They were wrapped in red and white striped mantles, that enfolded them from head to half way between knee and ankle. Large, loose trousers came below this shroud-like wrapping, leaving a great deal of ankle visible, and showing plainly the feet that were shod in high-heeled patent-leather slippers that were very Frenchy and presented an incongruous appearance taken in conjunction with the oriental dress. Most of the women carried under one of their arms a large article of colored glass that looked like a vase, but that was in reality a drum to be beaten upon when the owner danced.

These women looked awkward and ungainly in their ungraceful swathing of cloth, though the young man in charge of the troupe gave out confidentially to the assembled crowd of sight-seers, that these women were the famous Eastern dancers who were really the most beautiful women in the world. There was just then no opportunity of disproving his words, till he and the men of the troupe dispersed to look up the baggage and eat their breakfasts. Left comparatively alone, the women dropped the

mantles from off their faces and displayed their supposed-to-be ravishing loveliness to the lookers-on. They had round, fat countenances, as expressionless as apple-dumplings, with high cheek-bones and thick, sensual lips. Their eyes were black but not large, and their complexions were thick and muddy. These much-lauded beauties ; these Eastern roses ; these "lights of the harem," the Nourmahals of poetry, were intensely disappointing, though it was not a time to see them at their best, of course, because they were jaded with travel and frightened and bewildered by the strange faces about them.

But the point of the moral was the estimation in which they were held by the men. The masculine part of the troupe wended its way to the lunch room and had something to eat, but according to their code it would have been immodest for the women to have eaten in public, so they went hungry. In the course of an hour the baggage had been sorted out and distributed, and the troupe was gotten under way in order to take up their departure for their quarters. The American, with one of the interpreters, came up to the women and with the utmost sang-froid began taking an inventory of them as though they were a collection of parcels. He counted them and checked them off, going over the list two or three times to see if the human bundles were all there and then the interpreter called to them in a shrill, peremptory voice and they marched off to the carriages that were waiting. It was not an inspiring sight. It gave one a very realizing sense of the degradation of Eastern women, who are supposed to have no souls and are not even "a little better than the horse" of their owners.

In the most sharp contrast to this scene has been the different assemblies of women that have recently gathered in Chicago, viz: the opening of the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition and the World's Congress of representative women that has just closed. This congress was held in Memorial Art Palace on Michigan avenue, and was intended to give opportunity for expression from woman of all shades of thought. This intention was certainly carried out. The programme was one of the most varied and comprehensive ever devised and executed. Numbers of departments were in session simultaneously each day, and the conferences were attended by representative women from many lands. Some of the delegates had names and titles most awe-inspiring to the gentle and unsophisticated American. For instance, Miss Kirstine Frederiksen from Denmark, president of Dansk Kvindesamfund, Mrs. Johanne Meyer, president of Samlede Kvindeforeinger, and Alice Frarreu-Verein für die Krankenpflege in Grossherzogthumhessen. Greece was

represented by Callhoe Parren ; Italy, by Countess Michelina del Gottschalk-Okrenska ; Russia, by Sophy Philosophoff ; Poland, by Theresa Ciszkrswicz ; Japan, by Urme Genda, while Margaret Windeyer was there from Australia, and the Countess of Aberdeen from Scotland. Among the English were Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller and Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant. Mrs. Miller was a most impressive speaker with a beautiful, mellow voice, and is a thorough gentlewoman who could not be guilty of the lack of courtesy and superciliousness some of our American women have thought proper to exhibit to each other.

One of the most memorable features of the occasion were the talks given by Mrs. Chant. She told in a simple, unpretentious way of her work among the poor of England, and her eloquent recitals that were unmarred by one attempt at effect, made both the smiles and the tears come on the faces of her audiences.

The attendance of American women of note and of those who wished to be considered as such was very large. There were so many speakers and so many subjects of discussion that it was an embarrassment of riches. Susan B. Anthony was the figure that attracted the most attention, and she was met everywhere by cordial and enthusiastic demonstrations.

Certainly, the woman of Western civilization to-day is a known quantity in social conditions, but, at the same time her position is peculiar. In one sense, she is on trial. Whether this is right or wrong is not being considered in this paper. It is only purposed to speak of things as they exist, not as they should be. Man is still the dominant force, the party in power. A man once wrote that it was a very interesting thing to see a woman speak in public, on the same principle that it was queer to see a dog stand on his hind legs. They neither of them did the thing well that they attempted, but it was odd that they could do it at all. That was a long time ago, and it has been satisfactorily demonstrated since then that women can not only speak in public, but can do it well. But a great number of men are still in the position of mind of the one just quoted. They are ready to see the defects of women's work, and quite willing to criticise them. Or, they take the more offensive attitude of patronage, as toward grown-up children, and they assume a you-are-doing-admirably-considering-you-are-a-woman tone, that is sometimes exasperating. These things must be borne patiently. It is impossible for a man to display simple justice toward a woman. He is not to blame, for he was born that way. He may hate her, he may be indifferent to her, he may love her, he may be wildly infatuated with her and willing

to sacrifice honor or life for her, but he can never be just to her. There is no use quarreling with this fact. The only way is to do the best possible thing under the circumstances. And there is an advantage in it, too. Men are generally willing to behave kindly to women, sometimes when the latter do not really deserve it. They are emphatically not hard-hearted tyrants whose only desire is to make the lot of woman difficult. And they have been tricked, cajoled and led by women of all time, without realizing it, and it is this state of affairs that has worked the most harm to both sexes.

In view of the women of to-day being held up to the white glare of public inspection, it is well for them to be careful in the things they do.

They should be courteous to one another. A good place to begin would be among the lady managers of the Columbian Exposition. There has been much talk of liberty, equality and fraternity among women in this body, and this is quite right. But an observer could take her position in the Board room and see displays of irritating patronage that are to be most profoundly regretted. The same sort of spirit occasionally manifested itself in the Congress.

Whether men would or do behave in a like manner is not the point. Let women take heed to themselves.

And now and then there are progressive feminine spirits who lack womanliness of manner. This is the greatest mistake in the world. A woman's strongest weapon is her femininity. There was one of the most marked contrast between two women shown on Saturday morning at one of the meetings. There were two of the Congress down on the programme for addresses on "Woman's Place in the Republic of Letters." The first speaker was rather clever, but who prevented the good impression she might have made by her dictatorial manner, and shrill, scolding voice. In fact, she excited the antagonism of most of her hearers. The other lady was absent, but her paper was read by Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, of New York City, whose charming manner, good breeding and full, round and distinct voice was in refreshing contrast to the modes of the preceding speaker.

The assumption of brusqueness and authority never helped on woman and her cause.

After all if a woman can do a thing well, that is all the sanction she requires. Once understood this will settle many things.

Talking is well enough in its place, but it must be followed by doing. One by one the barriers fall, as woman demonstrates ability to perform what she asks to be allowed to do.

In all these things she must work out her own salvation, for man can only help her negatively.

It is deplorable to speak as though men and women's interests could be separated. Unfortunately circumstances sometimes seem to force an attitude of antagonism between the sexes, but such a state of things is altogether mischievous.

The terms woman's rights, or "men's" rights should be dropped and the word "human" substituted as a more inclusive term. Neither sex can do well by itself. Each is the complement of the other, and a life of one is incomplete without the life of the other. It has been significantly said that no woman ever discovers herself but that some Columbus must do this for her. The converse is equally true, therefore, marriage should be the voluntary union of equals and never a pastime, as it is for many men, nor a profession and a necessity as it has largely been for women.

Granted that there is no sex in art or literature, and that as they are given opportunity and leisure, women show themselves to be capable of achievement. Yet there is one thing in which a woman will always excel, and that is, as a teacher. He begins to learn of her at his mother's knee, and he is a pupil of some woman all through his life. If it is true that he has considered her as legitimate prey, and that his "chivalry consists in protecting her from every man but himself," is she not somewhat to blame?

A point in Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata* that the public seem to have missed is this. That above all the environment of sex, men and woman stand on equality as the children of one Father, and until this fact is recognized, the relations between man and woman will be all wrong.

To sum up the whole matter then—the valuation of woman is the sure test of a man's or a nation's civilization. An odalisque in an Eastern harem is the exponent of a national degradation.

In a way, woman can get on without man, but he is dependent on her, and helpless without her. As she rises or falls in the scale, she uplifts him or she drags him down.

Angele Crippen.



HUMOROUS

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MR. BLANCAGNIEL.—“Hurry up breakfast, Mary, I must get down town; tight money is nearly driving me crazy.”

MRS. BLANCAGNIEL.—“Why, John, you talk so extravagantly. What is tight money?”

MR. B.—“Money that people spend for drinks, of course. You are an intelligent woman, Mary. You ought to be president of a national bank—but hurry up, I must be off.”

MRS. B.—“Look here, John Blancagniel, you *must* be off if you think you can be rude to me. You never talked that way to me before you married me. Oh, no, you were very polite then. I would like to know what you've to do with money that people spend for drinks. I hope none of your money goes that way.”

MR. B.—“Oh, hurry up. I mean money is close—that's what's bothering me. Hurry up.”

MRS. B.—“Money is close, is it? I am glad to hear you say so. You generally talk as though it were very distant. If it is so close I wish you would reach out and gather about thirty dollars and bring it to me by dinner time. I owe the milk man a two months' bill.”

MR. B.—“Oh, damn the milk man—I mean the milk man ought to be on the dam where he could have his water convenient. Thirty dollars by dinner time! Why, there isn't a man in town could raise thirty dollars by dinner time. Do you know there is only \$75,000,000 in gold in the United States treasury?”

MRS. B.—“Oh, my poor country!”

MR. B.—“Yes, and every business man would like to swap

places with the office boy, so he could smoke cigarettes and draw his salary in peace."

MRS. B.—"Umph, you'll never be able to do anything in peace, if you don't give up your wicked ways. You haven't been to church for three Sundays. That's the reason you don't prosper, John Blancagniel. If you'd pay more attention to going to church and keeping the Sabbath holy, like Mr. Blinks—"

MR. B.—"Great Scott! You are not holding old Blinks up to me as an example of holiness! Why, he's the greatest old scamp in this town. He'd swindle an orphan asylum."

MRS. B.—"I can't help it, he does his duty. I'll bet you money isn't tight with him."

MR. B.—"No, I should say not. He's the largest stockholder in the water company and makes everybody pay six months in advance or he turns off the water. He's always ahead. He has what is called a lead pipe cinch. Thank goodness, here's my breakfast, at last."

* * * * *

MR. B.—"Good-bye, I may not be home to dinner. I've gotten to be a gatherer of rare coins lately and will stay down as long as there is a chance to add any to my collection."

MRS. B.—"Good-bye, darling, say your prayers on your way down."

MR. B.—"All right, Mary, I feel kinder like saying 'em myself. I've got three notes to pay in bank to-day and the Lord knows where I'll get the money."

A CROSS BEARING.

MAUD.—"Look how angry that man seems; he is in a perfect rage."

HARRY.—"Yes, he is a minister of the gospel, too."

MAUD.—"How can you tell?"

HARRY.—"He has such a *cross* look."

FINIS.

"That man is a finished writer," said Jenks, when the policeman shot the reporter the other evening.

THE NEW WORLD.

It is said that when Columbus first came to this country he fell on his knees and then on the aborigines. If he would come over to Chicago now and fall on the aborigines, he would then fall on his knees. Times have changed.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"AT THE THRESHOLD," by Laura Dearborn, published by Cassel Publishing Company.

In these days of "psychical research" books like the above are particularly affected by people that are interested in occult studies, and their name is legion. The story represents the passage of the soul through the seven spheres of progress. The writer describes the departure of this soul from the body and the meeting with the guardian spirits that have watched over the earthly life. They are represented as welcoming the earthly visitant to the spiritual which is described as the only real existence. The author must be the kind that is described as "highly intuitive," and probably possesses something of the clairvoyant power claimed by the seers of different lands.

Henry James has written a new story called "THE MIDDLE YEARS" that is as depressing as an east wind. In one way Mr. James is always "dropping buckets into empty wells and growing old in drawing nothing up." There seems to be no especial reason why he should have written this story. No reader is helped, comforted or righteously entertained by such sort of narrative. It is not even artistic and the gloom of it is inexpressible.

The *dramatis personæ* are a novelist who has gone to a seaside resort, a young physician, a very eccentric woman of rank, and her companion. The physician is employed by the countess who is ill and who wishes to monopolize his professional services. This physician is very much interested in the works of the novelist, although the latter preserves his incognito. The countess becomes jealous because her medical adviser spends so much time with the man of letters. The strong-minded companion interests herself to a great degree in every one's affairs, and altogether things get in a state that has been described as "a pretty mess." The countess finally dies after she has decided not to leave her money to the doctor which she originally intended doing, and afterwards the novelist also dies, lamenting that he had not written a better book. Whether the doctor consoles himself for the loss of the money by reading the novelist's works, the reader is not told.

"WAS HE THE OTHER?" is a novel by Isabel Fitzroy, and published by Lippincott. It is an English story of a Girton girl who has an adventure on her way to London. She is alone in a railroad compartment with a man whose manner grows alarmingly familiar. She afterwards meets him as she thinks, in London, but subsequently learns that the man of society has a double, and the interest of the story hinges on this fact.

Of an altogether different nature is "MRS. HARRY ST. JOHN" by Robert Appleton. It is a graphic word picture of the heartless selfishness and the vice of a certain class of rich, idle pleasure seekers. It is a most effective book without being sensational.

"CIVILIZATION'S INFERNO, OR STUDIES IN THE SOCIAL CELLAR," by B. O. Flower, is one of the most powerfully written books of the day. It is an account of life in the slums of Boston, and the result of the author's observations among the class of persons whom he describes. There is no attempt made to sentimentalize, nor is there any sensational coloring

given simply to tickle palates that crave highly spiced food. The book is written in a thoughtful, earnest mood, and is a strong presentation of a problem that must be solved. Readers of Kingsley's "Alton Locke," of Hesba Stratton's "In Prison and Out," of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and of General Booth's "Darkest England," will place this book on the same shelf with them. The author believes that the poor are growing poorer, as the result of the immense accumulation of riches by a few persons who have special privileges. He considers the evil a remedial one. Any person who will reflect can perceive that there is danger smouldering in these pathetic and terrible conditions of society, and Mr. Flower has done good service by calling attention to them, without in reality being an alarmist.

"A MARRIAGE OF REASON," by Maurice F. Eagan, is a work published by the firm of John Murphy & Company, of Baltimore. It is a story writing from a Catholic standpoint with scenes laid in Philadelphia and vicinity.

"A CATHEDRAL COURTSHIP" and "PENELOPE'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY" are two most charming stories published by Houghton & Miller in one volume.

"JEAN BERRY, SAILOR," by Pierre Loti, and published by Cassel & Company, is another one of those too common stories, full of sadness and without one gleam of brightness in it. The picture of the passionate tenderness of a mother's love does not redeem the tale from its intense sorrowfulness, but rather adds to it.

"UNAUTHORIZED HISTORY OF CHRIS. COLUMBUS," by Walt McDougall, is a ridiculous historical travesty. The author calls attention to the fact that he has given no maps, references nor facts, and affirms that his book is free from all injurious substances whatever.

"SOCIAL STRUGGLE'S," by H. H. Boyesen, is a very good story, though the material is rather stale. It is an account of the adventures and misadventures of Mr. Peter L. Bulkley and his wife and daughters. They have grown rich "out West" and Mrs. Bulkley becomes fired with a determination to achieve a social position. Accordingly, the family remove to New York, take a house on Fifth avenue and begin their struggle to get into "the swim." The character of the daughter, Peggy, is very well drawn, and her sister Maud is also a pleasing young person. One has much sympathy for Peleg, and becomes interested in Mrs. Bulkley, though some of the other delineated characters are rather feeble. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"MME. SAPPHIRA," by Edgar Saltus, was published by F. T. Neely, of Chicago, and is meeting with a ready sale. To say that the book is as wholesome as any of those written by this author would not be commending it as a moral work.

"ART OUT OF DOORS," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, is a valuable contribution to art literature, and is most delightfully written. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"MARRIAGE," by Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, is a reprint of an old novel by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. Miss Ferrier was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, and her stories were warmly commended by the "Wizard of the North."

A. C.

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"A FACE SEDUCTIVE AND SERENE."